POEMS

AND

Translations.

BY

JOHN OLDHAM.

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PREFACE.

BEing to appear anew in the World, it may be expected, that I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning theſe enſuing Trifles, which I ſhall endeavour to do with as much Briefneſs as I did before what I laſt publiſh'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high preſumption in adventuring upon a Tranſlation of The Art of Poetry, *after two ſuch great Hands as have gone before me in the ſame attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean* Ben Johnſon, *and the Earl of* Roſcommon, *the one being of ſo eſtabliſh'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with ſuch admirable ſucceſs, as almoſt cuts off all hope in any after-Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit when I let him know, that it was a Task impoſed upon me, and not what I voluntarily engaged in; I hope he will be the more favourable in his Cenſures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementioned account, and urged it as a reaſon for my declining the ſame, but it would not be allowed as ſufficient to excuſe me therefrom. Wherefore, being prevailed upon to make an Eſſay, I fell to thinking of ſome courſe, whereby I might ſerve my ſelf of the Advantages, which thoſe that went before me, have either not minded, or ſcrupulouſly abridged themſelves of. This*

I ſoon imagined was to be effected by putting Horace *into a more modern Dreſs than hitherto he has appeared in, that is, by making him ſpeak as if he were living and writing now. I therefore reſolved to alter the Scene from* Rome *to* London, *and to make uſe of* Engliſh *Names of Men, Places, and Cuſtoms, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceived would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the Reliſh of the preſent Age.*

With theſe Conſiderations I ſet upon the Work, and purſued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledge, been over-nice in keeping to the Words of the Original, for that were to tranſgreſs a Rule therein contained. Nevertheleſs, I have been religiouſly ſtrict to its Senſe, and expreſs'd it in as plain and intelligible a manner as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Paſſages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas neceſſary for carrying on my propoſed Deſign; and the Author himſelf, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid Stiffneſs, and made it my Endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the eaſie and familiar way of writing which is peculiar to Horace *in his Epiſtles, and was his proper Talent above any of Mankind. After all, 'tis humbly ſubmitted to the Judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my ſelf herein. Let the Succeſs be what it will, I ſhall not however wholly repent of my Undertaking, being (I*

reckon

reckon) in ſome meaſure recompenced for my pains by the Advantage I have reap'd of fixing theſe admirable Rules of Senſe ſo well in my Memory.

The Satyr *and* Odes *of the Author, which follow next in order, I have tranſlated after the ſame libertine way. In them alſo I labour'd under the Diſadvantages of coming after other Perſons. The* Satyr *had been made into a Scene by* Ben Johnſon, *in a Play of his, called the* Poetaſter. *After I had finiſhed my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewiſe by* Dr. Sprat, *and ſince I have had the ſight of it amongſt the Printed Tranſlations of* Horace's *Works. The* Odes *are there done too, but not ſo excellently well, as to diſcourage any farther Endeavours, If theſe of mine meet with good Entertainment in the World, I may perhaps find leiſure to attempt ſome other of them, which at preſent ſuffer as much from their Tranſlators, as the Pſalms of* David *from* Sternhold *and* Hopkins.

The two ſacred Odes *I deſigned not to have made publick now, foraſmuch as they might ſeem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having ſuffer'd Copies of them to ſtraggle abroad in Manuſcript, and remembring the Fate of ſome other Pieces of mine, which have formerly ſtoln into the Preſs without my Leave or Knowledge, and be expoſed to the World abominably falſe and uncorrect; to prevent the ſame Misfortune likely enough to befal theſe, I have been per-*

perſwaded to yield my conſent to their Publiſhing amongſt the reſt. Nor is the Printing of ſuch Miſcellanies altogether ſo unpreſidented, but that it may be ſeen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley's Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the ſole Direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine,

As for the two Eſſays out of Greek, they were occaſion'd by a report, that ſome Perſons found fault with the roughneſs of my Satyrs formerly publiſhed, tho' upon what ground they ſhould do it, I could be glad to be informed. Unleſs I am miſtaken, there are not many Lines but will endure the reading without ſhocking any Hearer, that is not too nice and cenſorious. I confeſs, I did not ſo much mind the Cadence, as the Senſe and Expreſſiveneſs of my Words, and therefore choſe not thoſe which were beſt diſpoſed to placing themſelves in Rhyme, but rather the moſt keen and tuant, as being the moſt ſuitable to my Argument. And certainly, no one that pretends to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Colours of Poetry, would expect that Juvenal, when he is laſhing of Vice and Villany, ſhould flow ſo ſmoothly as Ovid or Tibullus, when they are deſcribing Amours and Gallantries, and having nothing to diſturb and ruffle the Evenneſs of their Stile.

Howbeit, to ſhew that the way I took was out of Choice, not want of Judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly uncapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my Humour inclined me to exerciſe it, I have pitch'd upon theſe two, which the

the greateſt Men of Senſe have allowed to be ſome of the ſofteſt and tendereſt of all Antiquity. Nay, if we will believe Rapine, *one of the beſt Criticks which theſe latter Ages have produced; they have no other Fault, than that they are too exquiſitely delicate for the Character of* Paſtoral, *which ſhould not ſeem too laboured, and whoſe chief Beauty is an unaffected air of Plainneſs and Simplicity.*

That which laments the Death of Adonis, *has been attempted in* Latin *by ſeveral great Maſters; namely,* Vulcanius, Douza, *and* Monſieur le Fevre. *The laſt of them has done it Paraphraſtically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps becauſe he thought it not ſo capable of Ornament as the reſt. Him I chiefly choſe to follow, as being moſt agreeable to my way of tranſlating; and where I was at a loſs for want of his Guidance, I was content to ſteer by my own Fancy.*

The Tranſlation of that upon Bion *was begun by another Hand, as far as the firſt fifteen Verſes; but who was the Author, I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of* Rocheſter; *but I could not well believe it, both becauſe he ſeldom medled with ſuch Subjects, and more eſpecially by reaſon of an uncorrect Line or two to be found amongſt them at their firſt coming to my Hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderneſs, as perhaps was ever offered to the Aſhes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the Memory of that incomparable Perſon, of whom nothing can*

be

be ſaid, or thought ſo choice and curious, which his Deſerts do not ſurmount. If it be thought mean to have borrowed the Senſe of another to praiſe him in, yet at leaſt it argues at the ſame time a Value and Reverence, that I durſt not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all which I judge material to be ſaid of theſe following Reſveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attacks how and where he pleaſe.

THE

CONTENTS.

HOrace *his Art of Poetry, imitated in* Engliſh. *Addreſs'd by way of Letter to a Friend.* Page 1.

An Imitation of Horace, *Book* I. *Sat.* IX. 43

Paraphraſe upon Horace, *Book* I. *Ode* XXXI. 54

Paraphraſe upon Horace, *Book* II. *Ode* XIV. 58

Praiſe of Homer, *an Ode.* 62

Paſtoral, in Imitation of the Greek of Moſchus, *on the Death of the Earl of* Rocheſter. 73

Paſtoral. The Lamentation for Adonis. *Imitated out of the Greek of* Bion *of* Smyrna. 88

Paraphraſe upon the 137 *Pſalm.* 99

Paraphraſe upon the Hymn of S. Ambroſe, *Ode.* 107

A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations to Poetry. Written in July, 1678. 118

Upon a Printer *who expos'd him by printing a Piece of his groſly mangled and faulty.* 131

HO-

HORACE
His ART of
POETRY,
Imitated in *Engliſh*.

Addreſs'd by way of Letter to a Friend.

SHould ſome ill Painter in a wild Deſign,
To a Man's Head an Horſes Shoulders join,
Or Fiſhes Tail to a fair Womans Waſte,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beaſt,
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers dreſt;
If you by chance were to paſs by his Shop;
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimſical or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,
As worthy Laughter, which throughout is fill'd
With monſtrous Inconſiſtences, more vain and wild

Than ſick Mens Dreams, whoſe neither Head nor Tail,

Nor any Parts in due proportion fall.

But 'twill be ſaid, *None ever did deny*

Painters and Poets their free Liberty

Of feigning any thing: We grant it true,

And the ſame Privilege crave and allow:

But to mix Natures clearly oppoſite,

To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,

Or Lambs from ſavage Tygers ſeek Defence,

Shocks Reaſon, and the Rules of common Senſe.

Some, who would have us think they meant to treat

At firſt on Arguments of greateſt weight,

Are proud, when here and there a glittering Line

Does through the Maſs of their coarſe Rubbiſh ſhine:

In gay Digreſſions they delight to rove,

Deſcribing here a Temple, there a Grove,

A Vale enamell'd o'er with pleaſant Streams,

A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames.*

But how does this relate to their Deſign?
Though good elſewhere, 'tis here but foiſted in.
A common Dawber may perhaps have Skill
To paint a Tavern Sign or Landskip well;
But what is this to drawing of a Fight,
A Wrack, a Storm, or the *laſt Judgment* right?
When the fair Model and Foundation ſhews,
That you ſome great *Eſcurial* would produce,
How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?
In fine, whatever VVork you mean to frame,
Be uniform, and every where the ſame.
Moſt Poets, Sir, ('tis eaſie to obſerve)
Into the worſt of Faults are apt to ſwerve;
Through a falſe Hope of reaching Excellence,
Avoiding Length, we often cramp our Senſe,
And make't obſcure; oft, when we'd have our Stile
Eaſie and flowing, loſe its force the while:
Some, ſtriving to ſurmount the common Flight,
Soar up in airy Bombaſt out of ſight.

Others, who fear to a bold pitch to truſt
Themſelves, flag low, and humbly ſweep the duſt:
And many fond of ſeeming marvellous,
While they too careleſly tranſgreſs the Laws
Of likelyhood, moſt odd *Chimera*'s feign,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus they who would take Aim, but want the Skill,
Miſs always, and ſhoot wide, or narrow ſtill.
One of the meaneſt Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails or Hair in Stone,
And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
Wants Myſtery to make the Work complete:
Troth, Sir, if 'twere my Fancy to compoſe,
Rather than be this bungling Wretch, I'd chooſe
To wear a crooked and unſightly Noſe
'Mongſt other handſom Features of a Face
Which only would ſet off my Uglineſs.
Be ſure all you that undertake to write,
To chuſe a Subject for your Genius fit:

Try

Try long and often what your Talents are;
What is the burthen which your Parts will bear,
And where they'll fail: he that diſcerns with Skill
To cull his Argument and Matter well,
Will never be to ſeek for Eloquence
To dreſs, or Method to diſpoſe his Senſe.
They the chief Art and Grace in order ſhow
(If I may claim any pretence to know)
Who time diſcreetly what's to be diſcours'd,
What ſhould be ſaid at laſt, and what at firſt:
Some Paſſages at preſent may be heard,
Others till afterward are beſt deferr'd:
Verſe, which diſdains the Laws of Hiſtory,
Speaks things not as they are, but ought to be:
Whoever will in Poetry excel,
Muſt learn, and uſe his hidden ſecret well.
'Tis next to be obſerv'd, that Care is due,
And Sparingneſs in framing Words anew:
You ſhew your Maſt'ry if you have the Knack
So to make uſe of what known Word you take,

To give't a newer Senſe: If there be need
For ſome uncommon Matter to be ſaid;
Pow'r of inventing Terms may be allow'd,
Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne'er underſtood:
Provided always, as 'twas ſaid before,
We ſeldom, and diſcreetly uſe that Pow'r.
Words new and foreign may be beſt brought in,
If borrow'd from a Language near akin:
Why ſhould the peeviſh Criticks now forbid
To *Lee* and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
To *Shakeſpear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher*, heretofore,
For which they Praiſe and Commendation bore?
If *Spencer*'s Muſe be juſtly ſo ador'd
For that rich Copiouſneſs wherewith he ſtor'd
Our Native Tongue; for God's ſake why ſhould I
Strait be thought arrogant; if modeſtly
I claim and uſe the ſelf-ſame Liberty?
This the juſt Right of Poets ever was,
And will be ſtill, to coin what Words they pleaſe,
Well fitted to the preſent Age and Place;

Words

Words with the Leaves of Trees a ſemblance hold
In this reſpect, where every Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below:
Nature her ſelf by Art has Changes felt,
The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)
Like a vaſt Bulwark in the Ocean ſet,
From Pirates and from Storms defends our Fleet:
Fens every day are drain'd, and Men now Plow,
And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row,
And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
From their old Courſe within new Banks to run,
And pay their uſeful Tribute to the Town.
If Man's and Nature's Works ſubmit to Fate,
Much leſs muſt Words expect a laſting Date:
Many which we approve for currant now,
In the next Age out of Requeſt ſhall grow:
And others which are now thrown out of doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force,

If

If Cuſtom pleaſe: from whence their Vogue they draw,
Which of our Speech is the ſole Judge and Law.
Homer firſt ſhew'd us in Heroick Strains
To write of Wars, of Battels, and Campaigns,
Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
And him we ſtill for our chief Pattern own.
Soft Elegy, deſign'd for Grief and Tears,
Was firſt devis'd to grace ſome mournful Herſe:
Since to a brisker Note 'tis taught to move,
And cloaths our gayeſt Paſſions, Joy, and Love.
But, who was firſt Inventer of the kind,
Criticks have ſought, but never yet could find.
Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty Praiſe
Of peaceful Conquerors in *Piſa*'s Race,
The Mirth and Joys which Love and Wine produce,
With other wanton Sallies of a Muſe,
The ſtately Ode does for its Subjects chooſe.
Archilochus to vent his Gall and Spight,
In keen Iambicks firſt was known to write:

Dra-

Dramatick Authors us'd this ſort of Verſe
On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theatres,
As for Diſcourſe and Converſation fit,
And apt'ſt to drown the Noiſes of the Pit.
If I diſcern not the true Stile and Air,
Nor how to give the proper Character
To every kind of Work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my ſelf a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkard Modeſty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be?
Volpone and *Moroſe* will not admit
Of *Catiline*'s high Strains, nor is it fit
To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
In the low Dreſs which Comick Perſons wear.
Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,
Give each thing its due Place and Time aright:
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her Stile,
And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to ſwell,
And Tragedy alike ſometimes has leave
To throw off Majeſty, when 'tis to grieve:

Peleus

Peleus and *Telephus* in miſery,
Lay their big Words and bluſt'ring Language by,
If they expect to make their Audience cry.
'Tis not enough to have your Plays ſucceed;
That they be elegant: they muſt not need
Thoſe warm and moving Touches which impart
A kind Concernment to each Hearers heart,
And raviſh it which way they pleaſe with Art.
Where Joy and Sorrow put on good diſguiſe,
Ours with the Perſons Looks ſtreight ſympathize:
Would'ſt have me weep? thy ſelf muſt firſt begin:
Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
And think thy Caſe and all thy Suff'rings mine;
But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiſs,
I can't forbear to ſleep, or laugh, or hiſs,
Let Words expreſs the Looks which Speakers wear;
Sad fit a mournful and dejected Air;
The Paſſionate muſt huff, and ſtorm, and rave;
The Gay be pleaſant, and the Serious grave.

For

For Nature works and moulds our Frame within,
To take all manner of Impreſſions in.
Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now Hope, now Joy, now Sorrow does inſpire,
And all theſe Paſſions in our Face appear,
Of which the Tongue is ſole Interpreter:
But he whoſe Words and Fortunes do not ſuit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both is hooted out.

Obſerve what Characters your Perſons fit,
Whether the Maſter ſpeak, or *Todelet*:
Whether a Man that's elderly in growth,
Or a brisk Hotſpur in his boiling Youth:
A roaring Bully, or a ſhirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit;
A prating Goſſip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or an home-ſpun Boor:
Spaniard, or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane*;
Native of *Turkey*, *India*, or *Japan*.

Either from Hiſtory your Perſons take,
Or let them nothing inconſiſtent ſpeak:

If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all Heat and Rage,
Inflexible, and head-ſtrong to all Laws
But thoſe which Arms and his own Will impoſe.
Cruel *Medea* muſt no pity have,
Ixion muſt be treacherous, *Ino* grieve,
Io muſt wander, and *Oreſtes* rave,
But if you dare to tread in Paths unknown,
And boldly ſtart new Perſons of your own;
Be ſure to make them in one Strain agree,
And let the End like the Beginning be.
'Tis difficult for Writers to ſucceed
On Arguments which none before have try'd:
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyſſee* with eaſe
Will better furniſh Subjects for your Plays,
Than that you ſhould your own Invention truſt,
And broach unheard of things your ſelf the firſt.
In copying others Works, to make them paſs,
And ſeem your own, let theſe few Rules take place:

When

When you ſome of their Story repreſent,
Take care that you new Epiſodes invent:
Be not too nice the Author's Words to trace,
But vary all with a freſh Air and Grace;
Nor ſuch ſtrict Rules of Imitation chooſe,
Which you muſt ſtill be tied to follow cloſe,
Or forc'd to a Retreat for want of room,
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,
King Priam's *Fate, and* Troy's *fam'd War, I ſing.*
What will this mighty Promiſer produce?
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouſe.
How ſhort is this of *Homer*'s fine Addreſs,
And Art, who ne'er ſays any thing amiſs?
Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince Troy's *laying waſte*
Into ſuch numerous Dangers has been caſt,
So many Towns and various People paſt:
He does not laviſh at a blaze his Fire,
To glare a while, and in a Snuff expire:

But

But Modeſty at firſt conceals his Light
In dazling Wonders, then breaks forth to ſight;
Surpriſes you with Miracles all o'er,
Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,
Cyclops, and bloody *Leſtrygons* devour:
Nor does he time in long Preambles ſpend,
Deſcribing *Meleager*'s ruful End,
When he's of *Diomed*'s Return ro treat;
Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
The Tale of brooding *Leda*'s Eggs repeat.
But ſtill to the deſign'd Event haſtes on,
And at firſt daſh, as if before 'twere known,
Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
And what is unimprovable leaves out,
And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
That nothing in the whole may diſagree.

VVhoe'er you are, that ſet your ſelves to write,
If you expect to have your Audience ſit
Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall,
Mind what Inſtructions I ſhall further tell:

Our

Our Guiſe and Manners alter with our Age,
And ſuch they muſt be brought upon the Stage.
A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurſes hand,
To play with thoſe of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as ſoon appeas'd;
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next hour what he the laſt enjoy'd.
The beardleſs Youth from Pedagogue got looſe,
Does Dogs and Horſes for his Pleaſure chooſe;
Yielding and ſoft to every print of Vice,
Reſtiff to thoſe who would his Faults chaſtiſe;
Careleſs of Profit, of Expences vain,
Haughty and eager his deſires t' obtain,
And ſwift to quit the ſame deſires again.
Thoſe who to manly Years and Senſe are grown,
Seek Wealth and Friendſhip, Honour and Renown:
And are diſcreet and fearful how to act
What after they muſt alter and correct.
Diſeaſes, Ills, and Troubles numberleſs
Attend old Men, and with their Age increaſe:

In painful Toil they ſpend their wretched Years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that Wealth new Cares:
Fond to poſſeſs, and fearful to enjoy;
Slow and ſuſpicious in their Managery;
Full of Delays and Hopes, Lovers of Eaſe,
Greedy of Life, Moroſe, and hard to Pleaſe;
Envious at Pleaſures of the young and gay,
Where they themſelves now want a ſtock to play;
Ill-natur'd Cenſors of the preſent Age,
And what has paſt ſince they have quit the Stage:
But loud Admirers of Queen *Beſſe*'s time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.
Thus, what our Tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our Ebb of Life goes out again:
The Humours of Fourſcore will never hit
One of Fifteen, nor a Boys part befit
A full-grown Man: it ſhews no mean Addreſs,
If you the Temper of each Age expreſs.
Some things are beſt to act, others to tell;
Thoſe by the Ear convey'd, do not ſo well,

Nor

Nor half ſo movingly affect the Mind,
As what we to our eyes preſented find.
Yet there are many things, which ſhould not come
In view, nor paſs beyond the Tiring Room:
Which, after in expreſſive Language told,
Shall pleaſe the Audience more than to behold:
Let not *Medea* ſhew her fatal rage,
And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage!
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his Eye-balls there,
Nor bloody *Atreus* his dire Feaſt prepare:
Cadmus nor *Progne* their odd Changes take,
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:
Whatever ſo incredible you ſhow,
Shocks my Belief, and ſtrait does nauſeous grow.
Five Acts, no more nor leſs, your Play muſt have,
If you'll an handſome third Days ſhare receive.
Let not a God be ſummon'd to attend
On a ſlight Errand, nor on Wire deſcend,
Unleſs th' Importance of the Plot engage;
And let but Three at once ſpeak on the Stage.
Be ſure to make the *Chorus* ſtill promote
The chief Intrigue and Buſineſs of the Plot:

Betwixt the Acts there muſt be nothing Sung
Which does not to the main Deſign belong:
The praiſes of the good muſt here be told,
The Paſſions curb'd and Foes of Vice extoll'd:
Here Thrift, and Temperance, and wholeſom Laws,
Strict Juſtice, and the gentle calms of Peace,
Muſt have their Commendations and Applauſe:
And Prayers muſt be ſent to Heaven to guide
Blind Fortunes Bleſſings to the juſter ſide,
To raiſe the Poor, and lower proſp'rous Pride.

At firſt the Muſick of our Stage was rude,
Whilſt in the *Cock-pit* and *Black-Friars* it ſtood:
And this might pleaſe enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and baſhful Audience:
When *Buſſy d'Ambois* and his Fuſtian took,
And men were raviſh'd with Queen *Gordobuck.*
But ſince our Monarch by kind Heaven ſent,
Brought back the Arts with him from Baniſhment,
And by his gentle influence gave increaſe
To all the harmleſs Luxuries of Peace:

Favour'd

Favour'd by him, our Stage has flouriſh'd too,
And every day in outward ſplendor grew:
In Muſick, Song, and Dance of ev'ry kind,
And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd;
And ſince that Opera's at length came in,
Our Players have ſo well improv'd the Scene
With gallantry of Habit, and Machine,
As makes our Theatre in Glory vie
With the beſt Ages of Antiquity:
And mighty *Roſcius* were he living now,
Would envy both our Stage and Acting too.
Thoſe who did firſt in Tragedy eſſay
(When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)
Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
With interludes of Mirth and Raillery:
Here they brought rough and naked Satyrs in,
Whoſe Farce-like Geſture, Motion, Speech, and Meen
Reſemble thoſe of modern *Harlequin.*
Becauſe ſuch antick Tricks and odd Grimace,
After their drunken Feaſts on Holidays,
The giddy and hot-headed Rout would pleaſe:

As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
Divert the senſleſs Crowd at *Barthol'mew.*
But he that would in this Mock-way excell,
And exerciſe the Art of Railing well,
Had need with diligence obſerve this Rule,
In turning ſerious things to ridicule:
If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
With Kingly Robes and Scepter lately ſeen,
Let them not ſpeak, like Burleſque Characters,
The Wit of *Billingſgate* and *Temple-Stairs:*
Nor, while they of thoſe Meanneſſes beware,
In tearing Lines of *Bajazet* appear.
Majeſtick Tragedy as much diſdains
To condeſcend to low and trivial Strains:
As a Court-Lady thinks her ſelf diſgrac'd
To dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feaſt.
If in this kind you will attempt to write,
You muſt no broad and clowniſh Words admit:
Nor muſt you ſo confound your Characters,
As not to mind what Perſon 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your Stile be ſmooth and natural:

Though

Though others think it eaſie to attain,
They'll find it hard, and imitate in vain:
So much does Method and Connexion grace
The common'ſt things, the plaineſt Matters raiſe!
In my Opinion 'tis abſurd and odd
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,
Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall*:
Yet, though I would not have their Words too quaint,
Much leſs can I allow them impudent:
For Men of Breeding, and of Quality
Muſt needs be ſhock'd with fulſome Ribaldry:
Which, though it paſs the Footboy and the Cit,
Is always nauſeous to the Box and Pit.
There are but few who have ſuch skilful Ears
To judge of artleſs and ill-meaſured Verſe.
This, till of late, was hardly underſtood,
And ſtill there's too much Liberty allow'd.
But will you therefore be ſo much a Fool
To write at random, and neglect a Rule?

Or, while your Faults are ſet to general view,
Hope all Men ſhould be blind, or pardon you?
Who would not ſuch Fool-hardineſs condemn,
Where, though perchance you may eſcape from blame,
Yet Praiſe you never can expect or claim?
Therefore be ſure you ſtudy to apply
To the great Patterns of Antiquity:
Ne'er lay the *Greeks* and *Romans* out of ſight,
Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
Rough hobbling Numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
And Clench for deep Conceit in former time:
With too much Patience (not to call it worſe)
Both were applauded in our Anceſtors:
If you or I have Senſe to judge aright
Betwixt a Quibble and true ſterling Wit;
Or Ear enough to give the Difference
Of ſweet well ſounding Verſe from doggrel Strains.
Theſpis ('tis ſaid) did Tragedy deviſe,
Unknown before, and rude at its firſt riſe:

In

In Carts the Gypſy Actors ſtrowl'd about,
With Faces ſmear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And through the Towns amus'd the wondring Rout;
Till *Æſchylus* appearing to the Age,
Contriv'd a Play-houſe, and convenient Stage.
Found out the uſe of Vizards, and a Dreſs,
(An handſomer, and more gentile Diſguiſe)
And taught the Actors with a ſtately Air
And Meen to Speak, and Tread, and what-ſoe'er
Gave Port and Grandeur to the Theatre.

Next this ſucceeded ancient Comedy,
With good Applauſe, till too much Liberty
Uſurp'd by Writers, had debauch'd the Stage,
And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
No Merit was ſecure, no Perſon free
From its licentious Buffoonery:
Till for Redreſs the Magiſtrate was fain
By Law thoſe Inſolences to reſtrain.

Our Authors in each kind their Praiſe may claim,
Who leave no Paths untrod that lead to Fame:

And

And well they merit it, who ſcorn'd to be
So much the Vaſſals of Antiquity,
As thoſe, who know no better than to cloy
With the old muſty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:
But boldly the dull beaten Track forſook,
And Subjects from our Country-ſtory took.
Nor would our Nation leſs in Wit appear
Than in its great performances of War;
Were there Encouragements to bribe our care,
Would we to file, and finiſh ſpare the pains,
And add but Juſtneſs to our manly Senſe.

But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your Skill, and Judgment, by mean Flattery:
Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:
But what has ſtood all teſts, and is allow'd
By all to be unqueſtionably good:

Becauſe ſome wild Enthuſiaſts there be
(Who bar the Rules of Art and Poetry)
Would have it Rapture all, and ſcarce admit
A man of ſober ſenſe to be a Wit;

Others by this conceit have been miſled
So much, that they're grown ſtatutably mad:
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude, and Converſation ſhun;
In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
And ſcarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair,
And hope to purchaſe credit and eſteem,
When they, like *Cromwell*'s Porter, frantick ſeem:
Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e'er ſhould be
A mark of the Elect in Poetry.
How much an Aſs am I that us'd to bleed,
And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?
None otherwiſe would be ſo good as I,
At lofty ſtrains, and rants of Poetry:
But, Faith, I am not yet ſo fond of Fame,
To loſe my Reaſon for a Poets name.
Tho I my ſelf am not diſpos'd to write,
In others I may ſerve to ſharpen Wit:
Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,
And how he ſhall perform it with ſucceſs:

Whence

Whence the materials for his Work are ſought,
And how with skilful Art they muſt be wrought:
And ſhew what is and is not Decency,
And where his Faults and Excellencies lie.
Good Senſe muſt be the certain Standard ſtill
To all that will pretend to writing well:
If you'll arrive at that, you needs muſt be
Well vers'd and grounded in Philoſophy:
Then chuſe a Subject which you throughly know,
And Words unſought thereon will eaſie flow.
VVhoe'er will write, muſt diligently mind
The ſeveral Sorts and Ranks of humane kind:
He that has learnt what to his Country's due,
VVhat we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
VVhat Charge a Stateſman, or a Judge does bear,
And what the Parts of a Commander are;
VVill never be at loſs (he may be ſure)
To give each Perſon their due Pourtraiture.
Take humane Life for your Original,
Keep but your Draughts to that, you'll never fail.

Some-

Sometimes in Plays, tho elſe but badly writ,
With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
Some one well humour'd Character we meet
That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
And jingling Toys of more elaborate Pens.

Greece had command of Language, Wit and Senſe,
For cultivating which ſhe ſpar'd no pains:
Glory her ſole deſign, and all her aim
Was how to gain her ſelf immortal Fame:
Our *Engliſh* Youth another way are bred,
They're fitted for a Prentiſhip, and Trade,
And *Wingate*'s all the Authors which they've read.
The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,
Has learnt Diviſion, and the Golden Rule;
Scholar enough! cries the old doting Fool,
I'll hold a Piece, he'll prove an Alderman,
And come to ſit at Church with Furs and Chain.
This is the top deſign, the only praiſe,
And ſole Ambition of the booby Race:
While this baſe Spirit in the Age does reign,
And men mind nought but Wealth and ſordid Gain,

Can

Can we expect or hope it ſhould bring forth
A Work in Poetry of any worth,
Fit for the learned *Bodley* to admit
Among its ſacred Monuments of Wit?
A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert,
But joining both he ſhews his chiefeſt Art:
Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be ſure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that they're eaſier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preſerv'd in mind:
All things ſuperfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and ſurcharge the Memory.
Let whatſoe'er of Fiction you bring in,
Be ſo like Truth, to ſeem at leaſt akin:
Do not Improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my Belief:
Ne'er make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomſtick through the Air:
Nor Canibal a living Infant ſpew,
Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver ſort diſlike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edify:

And

And youthful Sparks as much that Wit deſpiſe,
Which is not ſtrew'd with pleaſant Gaieties:
But he that has the Knack of mingling well
What is of Uſe with what's agreeable,
That knows at once how to inſtruct and pleaſe,
Is juſtly crown'd by all Mens Suffrages:
Theſe are the Works which, valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church Yard* and the Stationer:
Theſe Admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages ſpread their Authors Fame.

Yet there are Faults wherewith we ought to bear;
An Inſtrument may ſometimes chance to jar
In the beſt hand, in ſpight of all its care:
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate, who never miſt the White.
But where I many Excellencies find,
I'm not ſo nicely critical to mind
Each ſlight Miſtake an Author may produce,
Which humane Frailty juſtly may excuſe.
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will ſtill purſue it to the end,

Is

Is like that ſcraping Fool, who the ſame Note
Is ever playing, and is ever out;
And ſilly as that bubble every whit,
Who at the ſelf-ſame blot is always hit.
When ſuch a lewd incorrigible Sot
Lucks by meer chance upon ſome happy thought;
Among ſuch filthy Traſh, I vex to ſee't,
And wonder how (the Devil!) he came by't.
In works of bulk and length we now and then
May grant an Author to be overſeen:
Homer himſelf, how ſacred e'er he is,
Yet claims not a pretence to Faultleſſneſs.
Poems with Pictures a reſemblance bear;
Some (beſt at diſtance) ſhun a view too near:
Others are bolder, and ſtand off to fight;
Theſe love the ſhade, thoſe chooſe the cleareſt light,
And dare the ſurvey of the skilful'ſt eyes:
Some once, and ſome Ten thouſand times will pleaſe.
Sir, tho your ſelf ſo much of knowledge own
In theſe Affairs, that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down:

Moſt

Moſt Callings elſe do Difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do:
I've known Phyſicians, who reſpect might claim,
Tho they ne'er roſe to *Willis* his great Fame:
And there are Preachers who have great renown,
Yet ne'er come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotſon*:
And Counſellors, or Pleaders in the Hall
May have Eſteem and Practice, tho they fall
Far ſhort of ſmooth tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
Though they want *Selden*'s Learning, *Vaughan*'s Senſe;
But Verſe alone does of no mean admit,
Whoe'er will pleaſe, muſt pleaſe us to the height:
He muſt a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be;
For there's no ſecond Rate in Poetry:
A dull inſipid Writer none can bear,
In every place he is the publick Jeer,
And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.
No man that underſtands to make a Feaſt,
With a coarſe Deſſert will offend his Gueſt,
Or bring ill Muſick in to grate the ear,
Becauſe 'tis what the Entertain might ſpare:

'Tis the ſame caſe with thoſe that deal in Wit,
Whoſe main deſign and end ſhould be Delight:
They muſt by this ſame Sentence ſtand or fall,
Be highly excellent or not at all.

In all things elſe, ſave only Poetry,
Men ſhew ſome ſigns of common Modeſty:
You'll hardly find a Fencer ſo unwiſe,
Who at *Bear-garden* e'er will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before: nor at a Wake
One, that wants skill and ſtrength, the Girdle take,
Or be ſo vain the pond'rous VVeight to fling,
For fear they ſhould be hiſs'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verſe,
And write in ſpight of Nature, and his Stars;
All ſorts of Subjects challenge at this time
The Liberty and Property of Rhime.
The Sot of Honour, fond of being great
By ſomething elſe than Title and Eſtate,
As if a Parent gave him claim to Senſe,
Or 'twere entail'd with an Inheritance,

Believes

Believes a caſt of Foot-boys, and a ſet
Of *Flanders* muſt advance him to a Wit.
But you who have the Judgment to deſcry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
I'm ſure will never be induc'd to ſtrain
Your Genius, or attempt againſt your Vein,
Yet (this let me adviſe) if e'er you write,
Let none of your Compoſures ſee the light,
Till they've been throughly weigh'd, and paſt the Teſt
Of all thoſe Judges who are thought the beſt:
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Preſs,
You've power to correct them as you pleaſe:
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are chronicled, and paſt recall.
Orpheus the firſt of the inſpir'd Train,
By force of powerful Numbers did reſtrain
Mankind from Rage and bloody Cruelty,
And taught the barbarous World Civility:
Hence roſe the Fiction which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,

And Tigers, charm'd by his harmonious Lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their Savageneſs:
Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The pow'r of whoſe mirac'lous Lute could call
The well-plac'd Stones into the *Theban* Wall.
Wondrous were the Effects of prim'tive Verſe,
Which ſettled and reform'd the Univerſe:
This did all things to their due Ends reduce,
To publick, private, ſacred, civil Uſe:
Marriage for weighty Cauſes was ordain'd,
That bridled Luſt, and lawleſs Love reſtrain'd:
Cities with Walls and Ramparts were inclos'd,
And Property with wholſome Laws diſpos'd:
And Bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful Might.
Hence Poets have been held a ſacred Name,
And plac'd with firſt Rates in the Liſts of Fame.
Next theſe, great *Homer* to the World appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud Alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to warlike Action fir'd:

And

And *Heſiod* after him with uſeful Skill
Gave Leſſons to inſtruct the Plough-man's Toil.
Verſe was the Language of the Gods of old,
In which their ſacred Oracles were told:
In Verſe were the firſt Rules of Virtue taught,
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits ſought:
By Verſe ſome have the Love of Princes gain'd
Who oft vouchſafe ſo to be entertain'd,
And with a Muſe their weighty Cares unbend.
Then think it no Diſparagement, dear Sir,
To own your ſelf a Member of that Choir
Which Kings eſteem, and Heaven does inſpire.
Concerning Poets there has been conteſt,
Whether they're made by Art or Nature beſt;
But if I may preſume in this Affair,
Amongſt the reſt my Judgment to declare,
No Art without a Genius will avail,
And Parts without the help of Art will fail:
But both Ingredients jointly muſt unite
To make the happy Character compleat,

None at *New-Market* ever won the Prize,
But us'd his Airings and his Exerciſe,
His Courſes and his Diets long before,
And Wine and Women for a time forbore:
Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
Of good Repute in a Cathedral now,
But was a Learner once (he'll freely own)
And by long Practice to that Skill has grown:
But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
To the leaſt grain of Learning, Parts, or Senſe,
Or any thing but harden'd Impudence,
Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
VVith all the topping VVriters of the Age:
" *Why ſhould not he put in among the reſt?*
" *Damn him! he ſcorns to come behind the beſt:*
" *Declares himſelf a Wit, and vows to draw*
" *On the next Man, whoe'er diſowns him ſo.*
Scriblers of Quality who have Eſtate,
To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
Practiſe as many Tricks as Shop-keepers
To force a Trade, and put off naughty VVares:

Some

Some hire the Houſe their Follies to expoſe,
And are at Charge to be ridiculous:
Others with VVine and Ordinaries treat
A needy Rabble to cry up their VVit:
'Tis ſtrange that ſuch ſhould the true diff'rence find
Betwixt a ſpunging Knave and faithful Friend.
Take heed how you e'er proſtitute your Senſe
To ſuch a fawning Crew of Sycophants:
All ſigns of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,
VVonder, and bleſs themſelves at every line,
Swearing, "*'Tis ſoft! 'tis charming! 'tis divine!*
Here they'll look pale, as if ſurpriz'd, and there
In a diſguiſe of Grief ſqueeze out a Tear;
Oft ſeem tranſported with a ſudden Joy,
Stamp and lift up their hands in Extaſie:
But, if by chance your back once turn'd appear,
You'll have 'em ſtrait put out their Tongues in jeer,
Or point, or gibe you with a ſcornful Sneer.
As they who truly grieve at Funerals, ſhew
Leſs outward Sorrow than hir'd Mourners do;

So true Admirers leſs Concernment wear
Before your face than the Sham-Flatterer.

They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confident, or Boſom-Favourite,
Till ſtore of VVine had made his Secrets float,
And by that means they'd found his Temper out:
'Twere well if Poets knew ſome way like this,
How to diſcern their Friends from Enemies.

Had you conſulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your Faults impartially have told:
" *This Verſe Correction wants* (he would have ſaid)
" *And ſo does this:* If you reply'd, you had
To little purpoſe ſeveral Trials made;
He preſently would bid you ſtrike a daſh
On all, and put in better in the place:
But if he found you once a ſtubborn Sot,
That would not be corrected in a Fault;
He would no more his Pains and Counſel ſpend
On an abandon'd Fool that ſcorn'd to mend;

But bid you in the Devil's Name go on,
And hug your dear Impertinence alone.
A truſty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his Senſe and Judgment whereſoe'er
He ſees a Fault: " *Here, Sir, good faith, you're*
low,
" *And muſt ſome heightning on the place beſtow:*
" *There, if you mind, the Rhime is harſh and*
rough,
" *And ſhould be ſoft'ned to go ſmoothlier off:*
" *Your Strokes are here of Varniſh left too bare,*
" *Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:*
" *Your Metaphor is coarſe, that Phraſe not pure,*
" *This Word improper, and that Senſe obſcure.*
In fine, you'll find him a ſtrict Cenſurer,
That will not your leaſt Negligences ſpare
Through a vain fear of diſobliging you:
They are but ſlight and trivial things, 'tis true;
Yet theſe ſame Trifles (take a Poet's word)
Matter of high Importance will afford,

When

Whene'er by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.
Not thoſe with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders or infected VVhores,
Are dreaded worſe by Men of Senſe and VVit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving Fit:
Like Dog, whoſe Tail is pegg'd into a Bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town
Purſue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he paſs'd along,
Intent on's Rhiming work amidſt the Throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch* or ſome deep Cellar fall,
And, till he rent his Throat, for Succor bawl,
No one would lend an helping hand at call:
For who (the Plague!) could gueſs at his Deſign,
VVhether he did not for the nonce drop in?
I'd tell you, Sir, but queſtionleſs you've heard
Of the odd End of a *Sicilian* Bard;
Fond to be deem'd a God, this Fool (it ſeems)
In's Fit leap'd headlong into *Ætna*'s Flames.

Troth,

Troth, I could be content an Act might paſs,
Such Poets ſhould have leave, whene'er they pleaſe,
To die and rid us of our Grievances.
A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or chooſe
VVhat other way they will themſelves diſpoſe,
Why ſhould we Life againſt their Wills impoſe?
Might that ſame Fool I mention'd now revive,
He would not be reclaim'd, I dare believe,
But ſoon be playing his old Freaks again,
And ſtill the ſame capricious Hopes retain.
'Tis hard to gueſs, and harder to alledge
VVhether for Parricide, or Sacriledge,
Or ſome more ſtrange, unknown, and horrid Crime,
Done in their own or their Forefathers time,
Theſe ſcribling VVretches have been damn'd to Rhime:
But certain 'tis, for ſuch a crack-brain'd Race,
Bedlam or *Hogsdon* is the fitteſt place:
VVithout their Keeper you had better chooſe
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke looſe,

Than

Than theſe wild ſavage Rhimers in the ſtreet,
VVho with their Verſes worry all they meet:
In vain you would releaſe your ſelf; ſo cloſe
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting looſe.
Remorſleſs they to no Entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhumane Nonſenſe kill'd.

An

An Imitation of
HORACE.

BOOK I. SATYR IX.

Written in *June*, 1681.

Ibam fortè viâ ſacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the *Mall* of late,
Alone, and muſing on I know not what;
Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
Knew by his Name, and rudely ſeizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age or two?
"*Well, I thank God* (ſaid I) *as Times are now:*
"*I wiſh the ſame to you.* And ſo paſs'd on,
Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.

But

But when I ſaw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd what Buſineſs elſe he had with me?
Sir (anſwer'd he) *If Learning, Parts, or Senſe*
Merits your Friendſhip, I have juſt Pretence;
" *I honour you* (ſaid I) *upon that ſcore,*
" *And ſhall be glad to ſerve you to my Power.*
Mean time, wild to get looſe, I try all ways
To ſhake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes ſtand ſtill: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Bagnio* ſweat:
And ſhew all kind of ſigns to make him gueſs
At my impatience and uneaſineſs.
" *Happy the folk in* Newgate (whiſper'd I)
" *Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free:*
" *Wou'd I were like rough* Manly *in the Play,*
" *To ſend Impertinents with kicks away!*
He all the while baits me with tedious chat,
Speaks much about the Drought, and how the Rate
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:
Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth or Plague,

Names

Names every Wench that paſſes through the Park,
How much ſhe is allow'd, and who the Spark
That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom porters* had ill hap
Three nights ago, in play with ſuch a Lord:
When he obſerv'd, I minded not a word,
And did no Anſwer to his Traſh afford;
Sir, I perceive you ſtand on Thorns (ſaid he)
And fain would part; but, faith, it muſt not be:
Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cry'd) "*No;*
"*Sir, I am in a Courſe, and dare not now.*
Then tell me whither you deſire to go,
I'll wait upon you. Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:
"*I viſit croſs the Water; therefore ſpare*
"*Your needleſs Trouble. Trouble! Sir, 'tis none:*
'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.
I have no preſent Buſineſs to attend,
At leaſt, which I'll not quit for ſuch a Friend:
Tell me not of the Diſtance; for I vow,
I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,

Good

Good faith, I will not leave you: make no words:
Go you to Lambeth? *Is it to my* Lord's?
His Steward I moſt intimately know,
Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.
By this I found my Wheadle would not paſs,
But rather ſerv'd my Suff'rings to increaſe:
And ſeeing 'twas in vain to vex or fret,
I patiently ſubmitted to my Fate.
Strait he begins again: *Sir, if you knew*
My Worth but half ſo throughly as I do;
I'm ſure you would not value any Friend
You have like me: but that I won't commend
My ſelf, and my own Talents; I might tell
How many ways to wonder I excel.
None has a greater gift in Poetry,
Or writes more Verſes with more eaſe than I:
I'm grown the Envy of the men of Wit,
I kill'd ev'n Rocheſter *with grief, and ſpight:*
Next for the Dancing part I all ſurpaſs,
St. Andrew *never mov'd with ſuch a grace:*

And

And 'tis well known, whene'er I ſing or ſet,
Humphrys *nor* Blow *could ever match me yet.*

Here I got room to interrupt: " *Have you*
" *A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?*
Not one: they are all dead. " *Troth, ſo I gheſt:*
" *The happier they* (ſaid I) *who are at reſt:*
" *Poor I, am only left unmurder'd yet:*
" *Haſte, I beſeech you, and diſpatch me quite:*
" *For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:*
" *When I was young, a Gypſie told my doom:*
This Lad (ſaid ſhe, and look'd upon my hand)
Shall not by Sword, or Poyſon come to's end,
Nor by the Fever, Dropſie, Gout, or Stone,
But he ſhall die by an eternal Tongue:
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wiſe,
Let him avoid great Talkers, I adviſe.

By this time we were got to *Weſtminſter,*
Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,
And, if he were not there, his Cauſe muſt fall:
Sir, if you love me ſtep into the Hall

For one half hour, " *The Devil take me now*
" (Said I) *if I know any thing of Law:*
" *Beſides I told you whither I'm to go.*
Hereat he made a ſtand, pull'd down his Hat
Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep Debate:
I'm in a ſtraight (ſays he) *what I ſhall do,*
Whether forſake my buſineſs, Sir, or you.
" *Me, by all means* (ſay I.) *No* (ſays my Sot)
I fear you'll take it ill if I ſhould do't:
I'm ſure you will. " *Not I, by all that's good.*
But I've more breeding than to be ſo rude.
Pray, don't neglect your own Concerns for me:
" *Your Cauſe, good Sir! My Cauſe be damn'd,* ſays he,
I value't leſs than your dear Company.
With this he came up to me, and would lead
The way; I ſneaking after, hung my head.
Next he begins to plague me with the *Plot,*
Asks, whether I were known to *Oats* or not?
" *Not I, thank Heaven! I no Prieſt have been;*
" *Have never* Doway *nor St.* Omers *ſeen,*

What

What think you, Sir, will they the Joyner *try?*
Will he die, think you? Yes, moſt certainly.
I mean, be hang'd. "*Wou'd thou wert ſo* (wiſh'd I.)
Religion came in next; tho' he'd no more
Than th' noble Peer, his Whore, or Confeſſor.
Oh, the ſad times, if once the King ſhould die!
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?
"*No more than my Superiors: why ſhould I?*
"*Come* Popery, *come any thing* (thought I)
"*So Heav'n would bleſs me to get rid of thee:*
"*But 'tis ſome comfort that my Hell is here;*
"*I need no Puniſhment hereafter fear.*
Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew;
How ſtands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace and you?
"*Sir, he's a man of Senſe above the Crowd,*
"*And ſhuns the Converſe of a Multitude.*
Ay Sir (ſays he) *you're happy who are near*
His Grace, and have the Favour of his Ear:
But let me tell you, if you'll recommend
This Perſon here, your point will ſoon be gain'd.

Gad, Sir, I'll die if my own ſingle Wit
Don't fob his Minions, and diſplace 'em quite;
And make your ſelf his only Favourite.
" *No, you are out abundantly* (ſaid I)
" *We live not as you think: no Family*
" *Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free*
" *From thoſe ill Cuſtoms which are us'd to ſwarm*
" *In great Mens Houſes; none e'er does me harm,*
" *Becauſe more Learned or more rich than I;*
" *But each Man keeps his Place and his Degree.*
'Tis mighty ſtrange (ſays he) *what you relate.*
" *But nothing truer, take my word for that.*
You make me long to be admitted too
Amongſt his Creatures: Sir, I beg that you
Will ſtand my Friend: your Intereſt is ſuch,
You may prevail, I'm ſure you can do much;
He's one that may be won upon, I've heard,
Tho at the firſt approach Acceſs be hard.
I'll ſpare no Trouble of my own or Friends,
No Coſt in Fees, and Bribes to gain my Ends:

I'll

I'll ſeek all opportunities to meet
With him, accoſt him in the very ſtreet:
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, ſcrape, and cringe to him, nay, to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this muſt be done if we'll be great:
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this ſavage rate he worried me,
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend, came by,
That knew the Fellow's Humour paſſing well:
Glad of the ſight, I join him; we ſtand ſtill:
Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?
And ſuch like Queſtions paſs'd betwixt us two:
Strait I begin to pull him by the Sleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Noſe, and give
A thouſand hints, to let him know that I
Needed his help for my Delivery:
He, naughty Wag, with an arch fleering Smile
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while;
I grow ſtark wild with Rage. "*Sir, ſaid not you*
"*You'd ſomewhat to diſcourſe, not long ago,*

" *With me in private? I remember't well:*
Some other time be ſure, I will not fail:
Now I am in great haſte upon my Word:
A Meſſenger came for me from a Lord,
That's in a bad condition, like to die.
" *Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worſe than I:*
" *Therefore for God's ſake do not ſtir from hence.*
Sweet Sir! your pardon, 'tis of conſequence:
I hope your're kinder than to preſs my ſtay,
Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.

This ſaid, he left me to my Murderer?
Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;
" *Confounded be the Stars* (ſaid I) *that ſway'd*
" *This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed*
" *With ſickneſs, rather than be viſited*
" *With this worſe Plague! what ill have I e'er done,*
" *To pull this Curſe, this heavy Judgment down?*

While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,
Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap
The Raſcal on the back: " *Here take your Fees,*
" *Kind Gentlemen* (ſaid I) *for my Releaſe.*

He

He would have had me Bail. " *Excuſe me Sir,*
" *I've made a Vow ne'er to be Surety more:*
" *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*

Thus I got off, and bleſs'd the Fates that he
Was Pris'ner made, I ſet at liberty.

Paraphraſe upon

HORACE.

Book I. Ode XXXI.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? &c. ——

I.

WHat does the Poet's modeſt Wiſh require?
What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n deſire?
Not the large Crops of *Eſham*'s goodly Soil,
Which tire the Mowers and the Reapers Toil;
Not the ſoft Flocks on hilly *Cotſwold* fed,
Nor *Lemſter* Fields with living Fleeces clad:
He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
Or ſwifter *Severn*, ſpread their fat'ning Streams.
Where

Where they with wanton Windings play,
And eat their widen'd Banks inſenſibly away:
He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-ſtreet*,
Which Conſciences and Souls are pawn'd to get.
Nor thoſe exhauſtleſs Mines of Gold,
Which *Guiny* and *Peru* in their rich boſoms hold.

III.

Let thoſe that live in the *Canary* Iſles,
On which indulgent Nature ever ſmiles,
Take Pleaſure in their plenteous Vintages,
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor preſs:
Let wealthy Merchants when they Dine,
Run o'er their coſtly Names of Wine,
Their Cheſts of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Alchine*,
Their *Nants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Bachrach* and *Moſell*:
He envies not their Luxury,
Which they with ſo much Pains and Danger buy:

For

For which ſo many Storms and Wrecks they bear,

For which they paſs the *Streights* ſo oft each year.

And ſcape ſo narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

III.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,

Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to pleaſe his Senſe,

Cheap wholſome Herbs content his frugal Board,

The food of unfall'n Innocence,

Which the mean'ſt Village Garden does afford:

Grant him, kind Heav'n, the ſum of his Deſires,

What Nature, not what Luxury requires:

He only does a Competency claim,

And, When he has it, Wit to uſe the ſame:

Grant him ſound Health, impair'd by no Diſeaſe,

Nor by his own Exceſs:

Let him in ſtrength of Mind and Body live,

But not his Reaſon nor his Senſe ſurvive:

His

His Age (if Age he e'er muſt live to ſee)
Let it from Want, Contempt, and Care be free.
But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry:
Grant him but this, he's amply ſatisfi'd
And ſcorns whatever Fate can give beſide.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

I.

ALas! dear Friend, alas! time haſtes away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its ſtay:
The rolling Years with conſtant Motion run,
Lo! while I ſpeak the preſent Minute's gone,
And following Hours ſtill urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee ſecure:
They're all too feeble to withſtand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidleſs End.

When

When once thy Glaſs is run,
When once thy utmoſt Thread is ſpun,
'Twill then be fruitleſs to expect Reprieve:
Could'ſt thou ten thouſand Kingdoms give
In purchaſe for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gaſp of Breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

II.

All the vaſt ſtock of humane Progeny,
Which now like Swarms of Inſects crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's ſpacious Ball,
Muſt quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.
The mightieſt King, and proudeſt Potentate,
In ſpight of all his Pomp and all his State,
Muſt pay this neceſſary Tribute unto Fate.
The buſie reſtleſs *Monarch* of the World, which now
Keeps ſuch a pother, and ſo much ado
To fill Gazettes alive,
And after in ſome lying Annal to ſurvive;

Ev'n

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal man muſt die,
And ſtink and rot as well as thou and I,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch that begs his Bread,
And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed.

III.

In vain from Dangers of the bloody Field we keep
In vain we eſcape
The ſultry *Line* and ſtormy *Cape*,
And all the Treacheries of the faithleſs Deep:
In vain for Health to foreign Countries we repair;
And change our *Engliſh* for *Mompellier* Air
In hope to leave our fears of dying there;
In vain with coſtly far-fetch'd Drugs we ſtrive
To keep the waſting vital Lamp alive:
In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;
Againſt reſiſtleſs Death there is no remedy.
Both we and they for all their skill muſt die,
And fill alike the Beadrols of Mortality.

IV.

IV.

Thou muſt, thou muſt, reſign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy Houſe, thy Wife, and Family behind:
Thou muſt thy fair and goodly Mannors leave,
Of theſe thy Trees thou ſhalt not with thee take,
Save juſt as much as will thy Coffin make:
Nor wilt thou be allow'd, of all thy Land, to have
But the ſmall pittance of a ſix-foot Grave.
Then ſhall thy prodigal young Heir
Laviſh the Wealth which thou for many a year
Haſt hoarded up with ſo much Pains and Care:
Then ſhall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept ſacred now as Vaults of buried Anceſtors:
Shall ſet th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there cloſe Pris'ners under durance lie,
And waſh theſe ſtately Floors with better Wine
Than that of conſecrated Prelates when they dine.

The

The PRAISE of HOMER.

ODE.

I.

HAil God of Verſe! pardon that thus I take in vain
Thy ſacred everlaſting Name,
And in unhallowed Lines blaſpheme:
Pardon, that with ſtrange Fire thy Altars I profane.
Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith ſubmit,
Whom we acknowledge our ſole Text and Holy Writ:
None other Judge infallible we own,
But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit alone.

Thou

Thou art the unexhauſted Ocean, whence
Sprung firſt, and ſtill do flow th' eternal Rills of Senſe:
To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe,
From whom it had its Riſe, and full Perfection too,
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever doſt ſupply
Throughout the World the whole Poetick Company:
VVith thy vaſt Stock alone they traffick for a Name,
And ſend their glorious Ventures out to all the Coaſts of Fame.

II.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
VVho faſten'd that unjuſt Reproach on Thee?
VVho can the ſenſeleſs Tale believe?
VVho can to the falſe Legend credit give?
Or think thou wanted'ſt ſight, by whom all others ſee?
VVhat Land, or Region, how remote ſoe'er,
Does not ſo well deſcrib'd in thy great Draughts appear,

That each thy native Country ſeems to be,
And each t'have been ſurvey'd, and meaſur'd out by thee?
VVhatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;
VVhat e'er the ſpacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil ſo exactly ſhown,
VVe ſcarce diſcern where thou, or Nature beſt has drawn;
Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye
Or check'd or bounded here:
But farther does ſurpaſs, and farther does deſcry,
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year.
Beyond this glorious Scene of ſtarry Tapeſtry,
VVhere the vaſt Purliews of the Sky,
And boundleſs waſte of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'ſt, and bold Diſcoveries.
VVhat there the Gods in Parliament debate,
VVhat Votes, or Acts i'th' Heav'nly Houſes paſs,
By Thee ſo well communicated was;

As

As if thou'dſt been of that Cabal of State,
As if thou hadſt been ſworn the Privy-Counſellor of Fate.

III.

What Chief, who does thy VVarrior's great Exploits ſurvey,
Will not aſpire to Deeds as great as they?
What generous Readers would he not inſpire
With the ſame gallant Heat, the ſame ambitious Fire?
Methinks from *Ida*'s top with noble Joy I view
The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,
I ſee th' immortal Hoſt engaging on his ſide,
And him the bluſhing Gods out-do.
Where e'er he does his dreadful Standards bear,
Horror ſtalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rear.
Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
And Limbs of Mangled Chiefs his paſſage ſtrow,
And floods of reeking Gore the Field o'er-flow:

VVhile Heav'ns dread Monarch from his Throne of State,
VVith high concern upon the fight looks down,
And wrinkles his Majeſtick Brow into a Frown,
To ſee bold Man, like him, diſtribute Fate.

IV.

While the great *Macedoniam* Youth in Non-age grew,
Nor yet by Charter of his years ſet free
From Guardians, and their ſlaviſh Tyranny,
No Tutor, but the Budge Philoſophers he knew:
And well enough the grave and uſeful Tools
Might ſerve to read him Lectures, and to pleaſe
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling teach,
And ſome inſipid Homilies of Virtue preach:
But when the mighty Pupil had out-grown
Their muſty Diſcipline, when manlier Thoughts poſſeſs'd
His generous Princely Breaſt,

Now

Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with Luſt of Honour and Renown;
He then learnt to contemn
The deſpicable things, the Men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave Releaſe,
And a more noble Maſter ſtrait took place:
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour ſo could'ſt praiſe,
As might in him juſt Envy raiſe,
Who (one would think) had been himſelf too high
To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'ſt him Leſſons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progreſs which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The VVorld too narrow for his boundleſs Conqueſts grew,
He conquer'd one, and wiſh'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did thoſe Miracles produce,
And fought, and vanquiſh'd by the Conduct of a Muſe.

V.

No wonder rival Nations quarrel'd for thy Birth,
A Prize of greater and of higher worth
Than that which led whole *Greece* and *Asia* forth,
Than that for which thy mighty Hero fought,
And *Troy* with ten years War, and its destruction bought.
Well did they think it noble to have bore that Name,
Which the whole World would with ambition claim;
Well did they Temples raise
To Thee, at whom Nature her self stood in amaze,
A work, she never tried to amend, nor cou'd:
In which mistaking Man, by chance she form'd a God.
How gladly would our willing *Isle* resign
Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boasted *Constantine*,
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
And quit the Honour of their Births to be ensur'd to thine?
How justly might it the wise Choice approve,
Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth Almighty *Jove*?

VI. Un-

VI.

Unhappy we, thy *Britiſh* Off-ſpring here,
Who ſtrive by thy great Model Monuments to rear:
In vain for worthleſs Fame we toil,
That's pent in the ſtrait limits of a narrow *Iſle*:
In vain our Force, and Art we ſpend
With noble labours to inrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shoars vouchſafe to underſtand:
Be the fair Structure ne'er ſo well defin'd,
The parts with ne'er ſo much proportion joyn'd;
Yet foreign Bards (ſuch is their Pride, or Prejudice)
All the choice VVorkmanſhip for the Materials ſake deſpiſe.
But happier thou the Genius didſt diſpenſe
In Language univerſal as thy Senſe:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp does wear
On every Coaſt of VVit does equal value bear,
Allow'd by all, and currant every where.

No Nation yet has been ſo barbarous found,
VVhere thy tranſcendent Worth was not renown'd.
Throughout the World thou art with Wonder read,
Where ever Learning does its Commerce ſpread,
Where ever Fame with all her Tongues can ſpeak,
Where ever the bright God of Wit does his vaſt Journies take.

VII.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme:
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven beſtow
On its chief Favourite below?
What nobler Trophy could his high Deſerts befit,
Than theſe thy vaſt erected Pyramids of Wit?
Not Statues caſt in ſolid Braſs,
Nor thoſe which Art in breathing Marble does expreſs,
Can boaſt an equal Life, or Laſtingneſs

With

With their well-poliſh'd Images, which claim
A Nich in thy Majeſtick Monuments of Fame.
Here their embalm'd incorruptible Memories
Can proudeſt *Louvres* and *Eſcurials* deſpiſe,
And all the needleſs Helps of *Egypt*'s coſtly Vanities.
No Blaſts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,
Not all the waſhing Tides of rolling Years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring Time ſhall e'er wear out
The great Inſcriptions which thy Hand has wrought,
Here thou and they ſhall live, and bear an endleſs date,
Firm, as inroll'd in the eternal Regiſter of Fate.
For ever curſt be that mad Emperor,
(And curſt enough he is, be ſure)
May future Poets on his hated Name
Shed all their Gall and fouleſt Infamy,
And may it here ſtand branded with eternal Shame,
Who thought thy Works could mortal be,
And ſought the glorious Fabrick to deſtroy:

In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Succeſſor* he had out-gone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Aſhes laid,
And the great Ruins with a ſavage Joy ſurvey'd:
He burnt but what might be rebuilt and richer made.

But had the impious Wiſh ſucceeded here,
'T had raz'd what Age nor Art could e'er repair.
Not that vaſt univerſal Flame,
Which at the final Doom
This beauteous Work of Nature muſt conſume,
And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn entomb,
Will burn a nobler, or more laſting Frame:
As firm, and ſtrong as that it ſhall endure,
Through all the Injuries of Time ſecure,
Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile become.

Two

Two Paſtorals out of the Greek.

BION.

A Paſtoral, in Imitation of the Greek *of* Moſchus, *bewailing the Death of the Earl of* Rochester.

MOurn all ye Groves, in darker ſhades be ſeen,
Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been:
Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants your moiſture ſpend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd agen:
Let every Roſe pale as the Lily be,
And Winter Froſt ſeize the Anemone:

But

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow
In mournful Letters thy ſad glory ſhow,
Enlarge thy Grief, and flouriſh in thy Woe:
For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion*'s dead,
His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Mourn ye ſweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the ſad News to all the *Britiſh* Floods:
See it to *Iſis* and to *Cam* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmoſt *Tweed*:
And bid them waft the bitter Tidings on,
How *Bion*'s dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of Graceful Song.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with ſad Grief, and droop your ſickly Wings:

In doleful notes the heavy loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſang when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell.
Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *Britiſh* Nymphs and Swains,
And bid them too the diſmal Tidings ſpread
Of *Bion*'s Fate, of *England*'s *Orpheus* dead.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain:
Ceas'd are thoſe Lays, ceas'd are thoſe ſprightly Airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſh'd Ears:
For which the liſt'ning Streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down:
VVhile the glad Hills, loth the ſweet Sounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in Eccho's every heav'nly Cloſe.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe*'s Banks reports his Moan:

Nothing

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
But penſive Herds that for their Maſter low:
Straggling and comfortleſs about they rove,
Unmindful of their Paſture and their Love.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd Son,
Does *Phœbus* Clouds of Mourning black put on:
For thee the *Satyrs* and the ruſtick *Fauns*
Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns:
For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and ceaſe to dance
In ſportful Rings by night upon the Plains:
The Water *Nymphs* alike thy Abſence mourn,
And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn:
Sad *Eccho* too does in deep Silence moan,
Since thou art mute, ſince thou art ſpeechleſs grown:
She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,
Now thy ſweet Breath's ſtopt by untimely Fate:
Trees drop their Leaves to dreſs thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall:

Each

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And ſcorns to thrive, or live now thou art dead:
Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil:
Alas! what boots it now their Hives to ſtore
With the rich Spoils of every plunder'd Flower,
When thou that waſt all Sweetneſs art no more?

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
In ſuch loud Plaints utter their Grief before:
Never in ſuch ſad Notes did *Philomel*
To the relenting Rocks her Sorrow tell:
Ne'er on the Beech did poor *Alcyone*
So weep, when ſhe her floating Lover ſaw:
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon thoſe Waves where he was drown'd ſo mourn'd:
Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with ſuch Grief
Bedew thoſe Aſhes which late gave him Life:

As they did now with vying grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear *Bion*'s Fall.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

In every Wood, on every Tree and Buſh,
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thruſh,
And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng
In liſt'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song;
Now each in the ſad Conſort bear a part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here aſſiſt,
Let not your Murmurs in the Crowd be miſt:
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to ſing, and how to love.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Whom haſt thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aſpire to reach thy matchleſs ſtrain?

Who

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Raſhly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
Thy Notes remain yet freſh in every ear,
And give us all Delight and all Deſpair:
Pleas'd *Eccho* ſtill does on them meditate,
And to the whiſtling Reeds their ſounds repeat.
Pan only e're can equal thee in Song.
That task does only to great *Pan* belong:
But *Pan* himſelf perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy death,
Laments the ceaſing of thy tuneful breath:
Oft ſhe, kind Nymph, reſorted heretofore
To hear thy artful meaſures from the ſhore:
Not harſh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy lays,
Whoſe grating ſounds did her ſoft ears diſpleaſe:
Such was the force of thy inchanting Tongue,
That ſhe for ever could have heard thy Song,

And chid the Hours, that did ſo ſwiftly run,
And thought the Sun too haſty to go down,
Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy ſake
The Sea, and all her fellow-Nymphs forſake:
Penſive upon the Beach ſhe ſits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

With thee, ſweet *Bion*, all the Grace of Song,
And all the *Muſes* boaſted Art is gone:
Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,
Whoſe Pow'r no Shepherdeſs could e'er withſtand:
All the ſoft weeping *Loves* above thee moan,
At once their Mothers Darling and their own:
Dearer waſt thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the laſt gaſping Kiſſes which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.

This

This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the ſecond Loſs,
For which in tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muſes Glory, went before,
He paſs'd long ſince to the *Eliſian* ſhore:
For him (they ſay) for him, thy dear lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in ſobbing Murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:
But now, alas! thou do'ſt afreſh bewail,
Another Son does now thy Sorrow call:
To part with either thou alike waſt loth,
Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both:
He largely drank the Rills of ſacred *Cam*,
And this no leſs of *Iſis* nobler Stream:
He ſung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights
Far fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloody Fights and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmleſs Jars,
Loves peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.

Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,
And his ſoft Lays did *Venus* ever pleaſe.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.
Thou, ſacred *Bion*, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards that dy'd before:
Old *Chaucer*, who firſt taught the Uſe of Verſe,
No longer has the Tribute of our Tears:
Milton, whoſe Muſe with ſuch a daring flight
Led out the warring *Seraphins* to fight:
Bleſt *Cowley* too, who on the Banks of *Cam*
So ſweetly ſigh'd his Wrongs and told his Flame:
And *He* whoſe Song rais'd *Cooper*'s Hill ſo high,
As made its Glory with *Parnaſſus* vie:
And ſoft *Orinda*, whoſe bright ſhining Name,
Stands next great *Sappho*'s in the ranks of Fame:
All now unwept, and unlamented paſs,
And in our Grief no longer ſhare a place:

Bion

Bion alone does all our tears engroſs,
Our tears are all too few for *Bion*'s loſs.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thee all the Herdſmen mourn in gentleſt Lays,
And rival one another in thy praiſe:
In ſpreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the ſame:
Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherds Song:
Waller, the ſweet'ſt of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tender'ſt and his mournfull'ſt airs,
And I, the meaneſt of the Britiſh Swains,
Amongſt the reſt offer theſe humble ſtrains:
If I am reckon'd not unbleſt in Song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching tongue:
Some of thy Art, ſome of thy tuneful breath
Thou didſt by Will to worthleſs Me bequeath:

Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didſt thy Pipe, and Skill vouchſafe.
Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn, the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never dying Verſe.
Alas! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,
VVere we to ſo ſevere a lot deſign'd?
The meaneſt Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vileſt VVeeds that flouriſh in the Field,
VVhich muſt ere long lie dead in VVinter's Snow,
Shall ſpring again, again more vigorous grow:
Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the Day,
VVhich Night is haſting now to ſnatch away,
Shall riſe anew more ſhining and more gay:
But wretched We muſt harder meaſure find,
The great'ſt, the brav'ſt, the witti'ſt of Mankind,
VVhen Death has once put out their light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of Life again:
In the dark Grave inſenſible they lie,
And there ſleep out endleſs Eternity.

There

There thou to ſilence ever art confin'd,
While leſs deſerving Swains are left behind:
So pleaſe the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:
Mævius ſtill lives; ſtill let him live for me,
He and his Pipe ſhall ne'er my Envy be:
None e'er that heard thy ſweet, thy artful Tongue,
Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.
Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.
A fierce Diſeaſe, ſent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and ſtopp'd his hallow'd Breath:
A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,
That ſacred Heat which did his Breaſt inſpire,
Ah! what malignant Ill could boaſt that power
Which his ſweet Voice's Magick could not cure?
Ah cruel Fate! how could'ſt thou chuſe but ſpare?
How could'ſt thou exerciſe thy Rigour here?
Would thou had'ſt thrown thy Dart at worthleſs me,
And let this dear, this valued Life go free:

Better ten thouſand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this beſt work of Nature been deſtroy'd.
Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.
Ah! would kind Death alike had ſent me hence;
But Grief ſhall do the Work, and ſave its Pains;
Grief ſhall accompliſh my deſired Doom,
And ſoon diſpatch me to *Elyſium:*
There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy Voice thou charm'ſt the Shades below.
Sing, Shepherd, ſing one of thy Strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce *Elyſian* Queen:
She once her ſelf was pleas'd with tuneful Strains,
And ſung and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:
Fear not, thy Song ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddeſs move:
She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly Lays,
And gave his fair *Eurydice* releaſe.

And

And thine as pow'rful (queſtion not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to theſe glad Hills again.
Ev'n I my ſelf, did I at all excel,
Would try the utmoſt of my voice and skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

The

The Lamentation for ADONIS.

Imitated out of the Greek of *Bion* of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely with him fled:
Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
The charming ſweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
Riſe from thy Purple Bed and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay attire, great Queen of Love;
Henceforth in ſad and mournful weeds appear,
And all the marks of Grief, and Sorrow wear,

And

And tear thy Locks, and beat thy panting Breaſt,
And cry, *My dear* Adonis *is deceas'd.*
I mourn *Adonis*, the ſoft Loves bemoan
The gentle ſweet *Adonis* dead and gone.
On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a ſavage Boar's unpitying Tooth:
In his white Thigh the fatal ſtroke is found,
Nor whiter was that Tooth, that gave the wound:
From the wide wound faſt flows the ſtreaming gore
And ſtains that Skin which was all Snow before:
His breath with quick ſhort tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting eyes begins to cloſe:
From his pale lips the ruddy colour's fled,
Fled, and has left his kiſſes cold and dead:
Yet *Venus* never will his kiſſes leave,
The Goddeſs ever to his lips will cleave:
The kiſs of her dear Youth does pleaſe her ſtill
But her poor Youth does not the pleaſure feel:
Dead he feels not her Love, feels not her Grief,
Feels not her Kiſs, which might ev'n life retrive.

I mourn

I mourn *Adonis*, the ſad Loves bemoan,
The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart,
But deeper far it goes in *Venus* Heart;
His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,
And the hard Fate of their dead Maſter tell:
The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful Strains
Proclaim his Death through all the Fields and Plains:
But the ſad Goddeſs, moſt of all forlorn,
With Love diſtracted, and with Sorrow torn,
Wild in her look, and rueful in her air,
With Garments rent, and with diſhevel'd hair,
Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through pathleſs ways,
Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of Savages,
Undreſt, unſhod, careleſs of Honour, Fame,
And Danger flies, and calls on his lov'd Name:
Rude Brambles, as ſhe goes, her body tear,
And her cut feet with blood the ſtones beſmear.

She thoughtleſs of the unfelt Smart flies on,
And fills the Woods and Valleys with her Moan:
Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adonis* back again:
But he, alas! the Wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold and ſtiff, extended on the graſs:
There lies he ſteep'd in gore, there lies he drown'd
In purple ſtreams, that guſh from his own wound.
All the ſoft band of Loves their Mother mourn,
At once of Beauty and of Love forlorn.
Venus has loſt her Lover, and each Grace,
That ſate before in triumph in her face,
By Grief chas'd thence, has now forſook the place.
That day which ſnatch'd *Adonis* from her arms,
That day bereft the Goddeſs of her charms.
The Woods and Trees in murmuring Sighs bemoan
The fate of fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
His death, with Grief ſwell higher than before:

The

The Flowers weep in Tears of dreary Dew,
And by their drooping Heads their Sorrow ſhew:
But moſt the *Cyprian* Queen with Shrieks and Groans
Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and Towns:
The poor Adonis *dead!* is all her Cry,
Adonis *dead!* ſad *Eccho* does reply.

What cruel Heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting Tears and ſoft Compaſſion move,
When ſhe ſaw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep Wound, ſaw it incurable?
Soon as her Eyes his bleeding Wound ſurvey'd,
With eager Clips ſhe did his Limbs invade,
And theſe ſoft, tender, mournful things ſhe ſaid:

"Whither, O whither fly'ſt thou, wretched Boy?
"Stay, my *Adonis*, ſtay, my only Joy;
"O ſtay, unhappy Youth, at leaſt till I
"With one kind Word beſpeak thee ere thou die.
"Till I once more embrace thee, till I ſeal
"Upon thy dying Lips my laſt farewel.

"Look

Look up one minute, give one parting Kiſs,
" One Kiſs, dear Youth, to dry theſe flowing Eyes:
" One Kiſs, as thy laſt Legacy, I'd fain
" Preſerve, no God ſhall take it off again.
" Kiſs, while I watch thy ſwimming eye-balls
" roul,
" Watch thy laſt Gaſp, and catch thy ſpringing
Soul.
" I'll ſuck it in, I'll hoard it in my Heart.
" I with that ſacred Pledge will never part,
" But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone,
" To the dark Shades, and leav'ſt me here alone;
" Thou dy'ſt, but hopeleſs I muſt ſuffer Life,
" Muſt pine away with eaſeleſs endleſs Grief.
" Why was I born a Goddeſs? why was I
" Made ſuch a Wretch to want the pow'r to die?
" If I by Death my Sorrows might redreſs,
" If the cold Grave could to my Pains give eaſe,
" I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
" Than thus condemn'd to Immortality:
" In that vaſt empty, void, and boundleſs Waſt,
" We mind not what's to come, nor what is paſt.

" O!

"Of Life, or Death we know no difference,
"Nor hopes, nor fears at all affect our ſenſe:
"But thoſe who are of pleaſure once bereſt,
"And muſt ſurvive, are moſt unhappy left:
"To ravenous Sorrow they are left a prey,
"Nor can they ever drive Deſpair away.

"Take, cruel *Proſerpine*, take my lov'd Boy,
"Rich with my ſpoils, do thou my loſs enjoy.
"Take him relentleſs Goddeſs, for thy own,
"Never till now waſt thou my envy grown.
"Hard Fate! that thus the beſt of things muſt be
"Always the plunder of the Grave, and thee:
"The Grave, and thou now all my hopes engroſs,
"And I for ever muſt *Adonis* loſe.
"Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead,
"And with thee all my pleaſures too are fled:
"They're all like fleeting vaniſh'd dreams paſs'd ore,
"And nought but the Remembrance left in ſtore
"Of taſted joys ne'er to be taſted more:

"With

" With thee my *Ceſtos*, all my charms are gone,
" Thy *Venus* muſt thy abſence ever moan,
" And ſpend the tedious live long Nights alone.
" Ah! heedleſs Boy, why would'ſt thou raſhly chooſe
" Thy ſelf to dang'rous Pleaſures to expoſe?
" Why would'ſt thou haunt? why would'ſt thou any more
" Venture with Dogs to chaſe the foaming Boar?
" Thou waſt all fair to mine, to humane eyes,
" But not (alas!) to thoſe wild Savages.
" One would have thought thy ſweetneſs might have charm'd
" The rougheſt kind, the fierceſt rage diſarm'd:
" Mine (I am ſure) it could; but wo is thee!
" All wear not eyes, all wear not breaſts like me.

In ſuch ſad words the Dame her grief did vent,
While the Wing'd Loves kept time with her complaint:
As many drops of Blood as from the wound
Of ſlain *Adonis* fell upon the ground,

So many Tears, and more you might have told,
That dew the cheeks of weeping *Venus*, roul'd:
Both Tears, and Blood to new-born Flow'rs give riſe,
Hence Roſes ſpring, and thence Anemonies.
Ceaſe, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
Thou'ſt vented ſighs, thou'ſt laviſh'd tears enough.
See, Goddeſs, where a glorious bed of State
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:
This bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
But now muſt bear the wretched, murder'd Boy:
There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
Which ſome rude hand had cropt before its hour:
Yet ſmiles, and beauties ſtill live in his face,
Which death can never frighten from their place.
There let him lie upon that conſcious bed,
Where you loves myſteries ſo oft have tried:
Where you've enjoy'd ſo many a happy night,
Each lengthen'd into ages of delight.

There

There ſet him lie, there heaps of Flowers ſtrow,
Roſes and Lilies ſtore upon him throw,
And myrtle Garlands laviſhly beſtow:
Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and coſtlieſt Ointments on,
Flowers are faded, Ointments worthleſs grown,
Now thy *Adonis*, now thy youth is gone,
Who was all ſweetneſſes compriz'd in one.
In purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in ſtate,
A Troop of mourning Loves about him wait:
Each does ſome mark of their kind ſorrow ſhow,
One breaks his Shafts, t'other unſtrings his Bow,
A third upon his Quiver wreaks his hate,
As the ſad cauſes of his haſty fate:
This plucks his bloody garments off, that brings
Water in veſſels from the neighb'ring Springs,
Some waſh his Wounds, ſome fan him with their Wings:
All equally their Mothers loſs bemoan,
All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.

Sad *Hymen* too the fatal Loſs does mourn,
His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn:
His gay and airy Songs are heard no more,
But mournful Strains, that hopeleſs Love deplore.
Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
With wretched *Venus* in her Pain and Smart:
The poor Adonis *dead!* by turns they cry,
And ſtrive in Grief the Goddeſs to outvy.
The *Muſes* too in ſofteſt Lays bewail
The hapleſs Youth, and his fled Soul recall:
But all in vain; —— ah! numbers are too weak
To call the loſt, the dead *Adonis* back:
Not all the pow'rs of Verſe, or Charms of Love,
The deaf remorſleſs *Proſerpine* can move.

Ceaſe then, ſad Queen of Love, thy Plaints give o'er,
Till the next Year reſerve thy Grief in ſtore:
Reſerve thy Sighs and Tears in ſtore till then,
Then thou muſt ſigh, then thou muſt weep again.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon the 137 Pſalm.

I.

V. 1. FAr from our pleaſant native *Paleſtine*,
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty Current flows,
And does in watry limits *Babylon* confine,
Curs'd *Babylon*! the cauſe, and author of our woes:
There on the Rivers ſide
Sate wretched, Captive We,
And in ſad Tears bewail'd our miſery.
Tears, whoſe vaſt ſtore increas'd the neighb'ring Tide:
We wept, and ſtrait our Grief before us brought
A thouſand diſtant Objects to our thought.
As oft as we ſurvey'd the gliding Stream,
Lov'd *Jordan* did our ſad remembrance claim:
As oft as we th'adjoyning City view'd,
Dear *Sion's* razed Walls our Grief renew'd:

We thought on all the Pleaſures of our happy Land,

Late raviſh'd by a cruel Conqu'rors hand:

We thought on every piteous, every mournful thing,

That might Exceſs to our enlarged Sorrows bring.

2. Deep Silence told the Greatneſs of our Grief,

Of Grief too great by Vent to find Relief:

Our Harps as mute and dumb as we,

Hung uſeleſs and neglected by,

And now and then a broken String would lend a Sigh,

As if with us they felt a Sympathy,

And mourn'd their own and our Captivity:

The gentle River too, as if compaſſionate grown,

As 'twould its Natives Cruelty atone,

As it paſs'd by, in Murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

II.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us Chains,

Who all our Suff'rings and Misfortunes gave,

Did with rude Inſolence our Sorrows brave,

And with inſulting Raillery thus mock'd our Pains:

Play

Play us (ſaid they) *ſome briſk, and airy ſtrain,*
Such as your Anceſtors were wont to hear
On Shilo's *pleaſant Plain,*
Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:
Or one of thoſe,
Which your illuſtrious David *did compoſe,*
While he fill'd Iſrael's *happy throne,*
Great Soldier, Poet, and Muſician, all in one:
Oft (*have we heard*) *he went with Harp in hand,*
Captain of all th' harmonious Band,
And vanquiſh'd all the Choir with's ſingle skill alone:

4. Forbid it Heaven! forbid thou great thrice hallow'd Name,
We ſhould thy Sacred Hymns defame,
Or them with impious ears profane.
No, no, inhumane ſlaves, is this a time
(Oh cruel, and prepoſterous demand!)
When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,
A Treaſon to our poor unhappy native Land?

Is this a time for ſprightly Airs,
When every look the Badg of Sorrow wears,
And Livery of our Miſeries,
Sad Miſeries that call for all our Breath in ſighs,
And all the Tribute of our eyes,
And moiſture of our Veins, our very Blood in tears?
When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jeruſalem*, but thou,
Nought, but thy ſad Deſtruction, Fall, and Overthrow?

III.

Oh deareſt City! late our Nations juſteſt Pride!
Envy of all the wond'ring world beſide!
Oh ſacred Temple, once th' Almighty's bleſs'd abode,
Now quite forſaken by our angry God!
Shall ever diſtant Time or Place
Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?
Shall they not ſtill take up my Breaſt
As long as that, and Life, and I ſhall laſt?

Grant

Grant Heav'n (nor ſhall my Prayers the Curſe withſtand)

That this my learned, skilful hand

(Which now o'er all the tuneful ſtrings can boaſt command,

Which does as quick, as ready and unerring prove,

As Nature, when it would its joynts or fingers move)

Grant it forget its Art and feeling too,

When I forget to think to wiſh, to pray for you:

6. For ever tied with Dumbneſs be my tongue,

When it ſpeaks ought that ſhall not to your Praiſe belong,

If that be not the conſtant Subject of my Muſe and Song.

IV.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that day,

And with like ſufferings their ſpight repay,

Who made our Miſeries their cruel Mirth and Scorn,

Who laugh'd to ſee our flaming City burn,

And wiſh'd it might to Aſhes turn:

Raze,

Raze, raze it (was their curſed cry)

Raze all its ſtately Structures down,

And lay its Palaces and Temple level with the ground,

Till Sion *buried in his diſmal Ruine lie,*

Forgot alike its Place, its Name, and Memory.

8. And thou proud *Babylon!* juſt Object of our Hate,

Thou too ſhalt feel the ſad Reverſe of Fate;

Tho' thou art now exalted high,

And with thy lofty Head o'ertop'ſt the Sky,

As if thou would'ſt the Pow'rs above defie;

Thou (if thoſe Pow'rs (and ſure they will) prove juſt,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foreſee)

Ere long ſhalt lay that lofty Head in duſt,

And bluſh in Blood for all thy preſent Cruelty:

How loudly then ſhall we retort theſe bitter Taunts!

How gladly to the Muſick of thy Fetters dance!

V.

A day will come (oh might I ſee't!) ere long
That ſhall revenge our mighty Wrong:
Then bleſt, for ever bleſt be he
Whoever ſhall return't on thee,
And give it deep, and pay't with bloody Uſury:
May neither aged Groans nor Infants Cries,
Nor piteous Mothers Tears, nor raviſh'd Virgins Sighs,
Soften thy unrelenting Enemies:
Let them as thou to us inexorable prove,
Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compaſſion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And all thou durſt attempt within our *Sion*'s Walls
May'ſt thou endure, and more, till joyful we
Confeſs thy ſelf out-done in artful Cruelty.
Bleſt, yea thrice bleſſed be that barbarous Hand
(Oh Grief, that I ſuch dire Revenge commend!)

Who

Who tears out Infants from their Mothers Womb,
And hurls them yet unborn into their Tomb:
Bleſs'd he who plucks them from their Parents Arms,
That Sanctuary from all common harms,
Who with their Skulls, and Bones ſhall pave thy Streets all o'er,
And fill thy glutted Channels with their ſcatter'd Brains and Gore.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon the HYMN *of* S. AMBROSE.

ODE.

I.

TO Thee, O God, we thy juſt Praiſes ſing,
To Thee we thy great Name rehearſe:
We are thy Vaſſals, and this humble Tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd ſole and ſovereign Monarch of the Univerſe.
All Parts of this wide Univerſe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty Power:
The Skies and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
With all their numerous nameleſs Progeny

Confeſs, and their due Homage pay to thee;
For why? thou ſpak'ſt the Word, and mad'ſt them all from Nothing be.

To thee all Angels, all thy glorious Court on high,
Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,
And whatſoever Spirits be
Of leſſer Honour, leſs Degree;
To thee in heav'nly Lays
They ſing loud Anthems of immortal Praiſe:
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hoſts they cry;
This is their bus'neſs, this their ſole employ,
And thus they ſpend their long and bleſt Eternity.

II.

Farther than Natures utmoſt ſhoars and limits ſtretch,
The ſtreams of thy unbounded Glory reach;
Beyond the ſtraits of ſcanty Time, and Place,
Beyond the ebbs and flows of Matter's narrow Seas
They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and Space.

In

Infus'd like ſome vaſt mighty ſoul,
Thou do'ſt inform and actuate this ſpacious whole:
Thy unſeen hand does the well-joynted Frame ſuſtain,
Which elſe would to its primitive Nothing ſhrink again.

But moſt thou do'ſt thy Majeſty diſplay
In the bright Realms of everlaſting Day:
There is thy reſidence, there do'ſt thou reign,
There on a State of dazling Luſtre ſit,
There ſhine in Robes of pure refined Light;
Where Sun's coarſe Rays are but a Foil and Stain,
And refuſe Stars the Sweepings of thy glorious Train.

III.

There all thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of bleſs'd Inhabitants,
Which Death through countleſs Ages has tranſplanted hence;
Now on thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heavenly State.

There

There reverend Prophets ſtand, a pompous goodly Show,

Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,

Who brought thy ſacred Embaſſies of Peace and War,

That to th' obedient, this the rebel world below,

By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,

Companions once of the Incarnate ſuff'ring God,

Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,

As they one earth did in his Miſeries ſhare.

Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Choir,

Illuſtrious Heroes, who have gain'd

Through dangers, and Red Seas of Blood, the Promis'd Land,

And paſs'd through Ordeal Flames to thy Eternity in Fire.

There all make up the Conſort of thy Praiſe,

To Thee they ſing (and never ceaſe)

Loud Hymns, and Hallelujas of applauſe:

An Angel-Laureat does the Senſe and Strains compoſe,

Senſe far above the reach of mortal Verſe,
Strains far above the reach of mortal Ears;
And all a Muſe unglorified can fancy or rehearſe.

IV.

Nor is this Conſort only kept above,
Nor is it to the bleſt alone confin'd;
But Earth and all the faithful here are joyn'd,
And ſtrive to vye with them in Duty and in Love:
And, tho' they cannot equal Notes and Meaſures raiſe,
Strive to return th' imperfect Ecchoes of thy Praiſe.
They through all Nations own thy glorious Name,
And every where the great Three-One proclaim;
Thee Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who muſt Mankind, whom thou did'ſt make, Redeem,
Thee, bleſſed Saviour, the ador'd true only Son,
To Man debas'd, to reſcue Man undone:

And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
Who do'ſt by Grace exalted Man reſtore
To all, he loſt by the old Fall, and Sin before:
You bleſs'd and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledge and Philoſophy,
Which cannot comprehend the mighty Myſtery
Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three.
Vaſt topleſs Pile of Wonders! at whoſe ſight
Reaſon it ſelf turns giddy with the height,
Above the fluttering pitch of humane Wit,
And all, but the ſtrong Wings of Faith, that Eagle's towring flight.

V.

Bleſt Jeſu! how ſhall we enough adore,
Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Pow'r?
Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art the Almighty's Heir,
Thou art th' Eternal Off-ſpring of th' Eternal Sire:
Hail thou the Worlds Redeemer! whom to free
From Bonds of Death and endleſs Miſery,

Thou

Thou thought'ſt it no diſdain to be
Inhabitant of low mortality:
Th' Almighty thought it no diſdain
To dwell in the pure Virgins ſpotleſs Womb,
There did the boundleſs Godhead, and whole Heav'n find room,
And a ſmall point the Circle of Infinity contain.
Hail Ranſom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
Who didſt atone us with thy Blood,
Thy ſelf the Offering, Altar, Prieſt, and God:
Thy ſelf didſt die to be our glorious Bail
From Deaths Arreſts, and the eternal Flaming Jail:
Thy ſelf thou gav'ſt the ineſtimable Price,
To Purchaſe and Redeem our mortgag'd Heav'n and Happineſs,
Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had end,
When Death it ſelf was ſlain and dead,
And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
Thou didſt again triumphantly Aſcend:

There do'ſt Thou now by Thy great Father ſit on high,
With equal Glory, equal Majeſty,
Joynt-Ruler of the everlaſting Monarchy.

VI.

Again from thence thou ſhalt with greater Triumph come,
When the laſt Trumpet ſounds the general Doom:
And (lo!) thou com'ſt, and (lo!) the direful Sound does make
Through Deaths wide Realm Mortality awake:
And (lo!) they all appear
At thy Dread Bar,
And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.
Affrighted Nature trembles at the diſmal Day,
And ſhrinks for fear, and vaniſhes away:
Both that and Time breath out their laſt, and now they die,
And now are ſwallow'd up and loſt in vaſt Eternity.

Mercy,

Mercy, O mercy, angry God!
Stop, ſtop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be withſtood,
And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood;
Thy precious Blood which was ſo freely Spilt
To waſh us from the ſtains of Sin and Guilt:
O write us with it in the Book of Fate
Amongſt thy Choſen, and Predeſtinate,
Free Denizens of Heaven, of the Immortal State.

VII.

Guide us, O Saviour! guide thy Church below,
Both Way and Star, Compaſs, and Pilot Thou:
Do thou this frail and tott'ring Veſſel ſteer
Through Life's tempeſtuous Ocean here,
Through all the toſſing Waves of Fear,
And dang'rous Rocks of black Deſpair.
Safe under Thee we ſhall to the wiſh'd Haven move,
And reach the undiſcover'd Lands of Bliſs above.
Thus low (behold!) to thy great Name we bow,
And thus we ever wiſh to grow:

Conſtant, as Time does thy fix'd Laws obey,
To thee our Worſhip and our Thanks we pay:
With theſe we wake the chearful Light,
With theſe we ſleep, and Reſt invite:
And thus we ſpend our Breath, and thus we ſpend our Days,
And never ceaſe to Sing, and never ceaſe to Praiſe.

VIII.

While thus each Breaſt, and Mouth, and Ear
Are filled with thy Praiſe, and Love, and Fear,
Let never Sin get room, or entrance there:
Vouchſafe, O Lord, through this and all our days
To guard us with Thy pow'rful Grace:
Within our hearts let no uſurping Luſt be found,
No rebel Paſſion tumult raiſe,
To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
But ſet thy watch of Angels on the Place,
And keep the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden ground.

Ever, O Lord, to us thy mercies grant,
Never, O Lord, let us thy mercies want,
Ne'er want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
But let them ever on us be,
Conſtant as our own Hope and Truſt on Thee:
On Thee we all our Hope and Truſt repoſe;
O never leave us to our Foes,
Never, O Lord, deſert our Cauſe:
Thus aided and upheld by thee,
We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Miſery;
Fearleſs we thus will ſtand a falling World
With cruſhing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
And face wide gaping Hell, and all its ſlighted Pow'rs defie.

A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an Accouut of the Author's Inclinations to POETRY.

Written in *July*, 1678.

AS to that *Poet* (if ſo great a one, as he,
May ſuffer in compariſon with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he from ungrateful *Rome* was ſent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore ſubſcrib'd ſome known and faithful Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial did infuſe
New life into his ſpeechleſs gaſping Muſe,
And ſtrait his Genius, which before did ſeem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Diſſolv'd apace, and in ſoft numbers flow'd:
Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me ſhut up in cloſe conſtraint as bad:

Not

Not eager Lovers, held in long ſuſpence,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender ſenſe,
Meet thoſe kind Lines, which all their wiſhes bleſs,
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happineſs:
My grateful Thoughts ſo throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd:
To you with haſty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dreſs of words will ſtay.
Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praiſe too much, you are leſs kind:
Conſider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over lay a young and tender Muſe:
Praiſe, the fine Diet which we're apt to love,
If given to exceſs, does hurtful prove:
Where it does weak, diſtemper'd Stomachs meet,
That ſurfeits, which ſhould nouriſhment create.
Your rich Perfumes ſuch fragrancy diſpence,
Their ſweetneſs overcomes, and palls my ſenſe;

On my weak head you heap ſo many Bays,
I ſink beneath 'em, quite oppreſs'd with Praiſe,
And a reſembling fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands which Applauders gave.

To you theſe Praiſes juſtlier all belong,
By alienating which, your ſelf you wrong:
Whom better can ſuch commendations fit
Than you, who ſo well teach and practiſe Wit?
Verſe, the great boaſt of drudging Fools, from ſome,
Nay moſt of Scriblers, with much ſtraining come;
They void 'em dribling, and in pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And ſcorn your Ink ſhould flow ſo faſt as they:
Each ſtrain of yours ſo eaſie does appear,
Each ſuch a graceful negligence does wear,
As ſhews you have none, and yet want no care.
None of your ſerious pains or time they coſt,
But what thrown by you can afford for loſt:

If ſuch the fruits of your looſe leiſure be,
Your careleſs minutes yield ſuch Poetry;
We gueſs what proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert:
But happy you, more prudent, and more wiſe,
With better aims have fix'd your noble choice.
While ſilly I all thriving Arts refuſe,
And all my hopes, and all my vigour loſe
In ſervice on that worſt of Jilts, a Muſe:
For gainful buſineſs court ignoble eaſe,
And in gay Trifles waſt my ill-ſpent days.
Little I thought, my deareſt Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruin too:
O'er-run with filthy Poetry and Rhyme,
The preſent reigning evil of the time,
I lack'd, and (well I did my ſelf aſſure)
From your kind hand I ſhould receive a cure:
When (lo!) inſtead of healing Remedies,
You cheriſh and encourage the diſeaſe:
Inhumane you help the Diſtemper on,
Which was before but too inveterate grown;

As a kind looker on, who int'reſt ſhares,
Tho not in's ſtake, yet in his hopes and fears,
Would to his Friend a puſhing Gameſter do,
Recall his Elbow when he haſtes to throw;
Such a wiſe courſe you ſhould have took with me,
A raſh and vent'ring fool in Poetry.
Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheadles with deluding hopes to win:
But, when they hit, and moſt ſucceſsful are,
They ſcarce come off with a bare ſaving ſhare.
Oft (I remember) did wiſe Friends diſſuade,
And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
Oft have I try'd (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked luſt of Poetry:
But ſtill unconquer'd it remains within,
Fix'd as an Habit, or ſome darling Sin.
In vain I better Studies there would ſow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow:
All my beſt thoughts, when I'd moſt ſerious be,
Are never from its foul infection free:

Nay

Nay (God forgive me) when I ſay my Prayers,
I ſcarce can help polluting them with Verſe:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old revers'd I ſeem,
Who turn whate'er I touch to Droſs and Rhyme.
Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wiſdom and Philoſophy,
Rightly applied, will give a Remedy:
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,
Seek Nature and my Self to underſtand:
Much I reflect on his vaſt Worth and Fame,
And much my low and groveling Aims condemn,
And quarrel that my ill-pack'd Fate ſhould be
This vain, this worthleſs Thing call'd Poetry:
But when I find this unreguarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts and Pains employ,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that Danger which I meant to ſhun.
Oft when ill Humour, Shagrin, Diſcontent,
Give leiſure my wild Follies to reſent,
I thus againſt my ſelf my Paſſion vent.

Enough

" Enough, mad rhyming Sot, enough, for ſhame
" Give o'er, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks Damn;
" Didſt ever thou the Altar rob, or worſe,
" Kill the Prieſt there and Maids receiving force?
" What elſe could merit this ſo heavy Curſe?
" The greateſt Curſe, I can, I wiſh on him,
" (If there be any greater than to rhyme)
" Who firſt did of the lewd invention think,
" Firſt made two lines with ſounds reſembling clink,
" And, ſwerving from the eaſie paths of Proſe,
" Fetters, and Chains did on free Senſe impoſe:
" Curs'd too be all the fools, who ſince have went
" Miſled in ſteps of that ill Preſident:
" Want be entail'd their lot: —— and on I go,
Wreaking my Spight on all the jingling Crew:
Scarce the beloved *Cowley* ſcapes, tho I
Might ſooner my own curſes fear, than he:
And thus reſolv'd againſt the ſcribling vein,
I deeply ſwear never to write again.

But

But when bad Company and Wine conſpire
To kindle, and renew the fooliſh Fire,
Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving Fit
Return, and ſtrait I all my Oaths forget:
The Spirit which I thought caſt out before,
Enters again with ſtronger force and power,
Worſe than at firſt, and tyrannizes more.
No ſober good advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:
Cool Reaſon's dictates me no more can move
Than men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all means which might moſt proper ſeem
Towards my cure, I run ſtark mad in Rhyme:
A ſad poor haunted Wretch, whom nothing leſs
Than Prayers of the Church can diſpoſſeſs.
Sometimes, after a tedious day half ſpent,
When fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull and fruitleſs chaſe of Thought,
Deſpairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my ſtore,
I loath the thing, cauſe I can do't no more:

But

But, when I once begin to find again
Recruits of Matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the Haunt purſue,
And with freſh Vigour the lov'd Sport renew:
Tickled with ſome ſtrange Pleaſure, which I find,
And think a Secreſie to all Mankind,
I pleaſe my ſelf with the vain falſe Delight,
And count none happy but the Fops that write.
'Tis endleſs, Sir, to tell the many ways
Wherein my poor deluded ſelf I pleaſe:
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throes brings its rude Iſſue forth:
How after, when imperfect ſhapeleſs Thought
Is by the Judgment into Faſhion wrought:
When at firſt Search I traverſe o'er my Mind,
None but a dark and empty Void I find:
Some little Hints at length, like Sparks, break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts juſt dawning into Senſe:
Confus'd a while the mixt Idea's lie,
With nought of mark to be diſcover'd by,

Like

Like Colours undiſtinguiſh'd in the Night,
Till the dusk Images, mov'd to the Light,
Teach the diſcerning Faculty to chuſe
Which it had beſt adopt, and which refuſe.
Here rougher Stroaks, touch'd with a careleſs daſh,
Reſemble the firſt ſetting of a Face:
There finiſh'd Draughts in form more full appear,
And to their Juſtneſs ask no farther Care.
Mean while with inward Joy I proud am grown,
To ſee the Work ſucceſsfully go on;
And prize my ſelf in a creating Power
That could make ſomething, what was nought before.

Sometimes a ſtiff unwieldy Thought I meet,
Which to my Laws will ſcarce be made ſubmit:
But when, after expence of Pains and Time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhyme,
I triumph more than joyful Warriors wou'd,
Had they ſome ſtout and hardy Foe ſubdu'd:
And idly think leſs goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd Order ſtand,

Than to the conduct of my words, when they
March in due ranks, are ſet in juſt array.

Sometimes on wings of Thought I ſeem on high,
As men in ſleep, though motionleſs they lie,
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:
So Witches ſome enchanted Wand beſtride,
And think they through the airy Regions ride,
Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way and Guide:
Then ſtrait I grow a ſtrange exalted thing,
And equal in conceit, at leaſt a King:
As the poor Drunkard, when Wine ſtums his brains,
Anointed with that Liquor, thinks he reigns.
Bewitch'd by theſe deluſions 'tis I write,
(The Tricks ſome pleaſant Devil plays in ſpight)
And when I'm in the freakiſh Trance, which I
Fond ſilly Wretch, miſtake for Ecſtaſie,
I find all former Reſolutions vain,
And thus recant them, and make new again.

"What

"What was't, I raſhly vow'd? ſhall ever I
"Quit my beloved Miſtris, Poetry?
"Thou ſweet beguiler of my lonely hours,
"Which thus glide unperceiv'd with ſilent courſe:
"Thou gentle Spell, which undiſturb'd do'ſt keep
"My Breaſt, and charm intruding Care aſleep:
"They ſay, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what tho?
"For thee I this vain worthleſs World forego:
"Let Wealth, and Honour be for Fortunes Slaves
"The Alms of Fools, and Prize of crafty Knaves:
"To me thou art, whate'er th' ambitious crave,
"And all that greedy Miſers want, or have:
"In Youth or Age, in Travel or at Home,
"Here or in Town, at *London* or at *Rome*;
"Rich or a Beggar, free or in the Fleet,
"Whate'er my Fate is, 'tis my Fate to Write.

Thus I have made my ſhriſted Muſe confeſs,
Her ſecret Feebleſs and her Weakneſſes:
All her hid Faults ſhe ſets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confeſſor in you;

She hopes an eaſie Pardon for her Sin,
Since 'tis but what ſhe is not wilful in,
Nor yet has ſcandalous nor open been.
Try if your ghoſtly Counſel can reclaim
The heedleſs Wanton from her Guilt and Shame:
At leaſt be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched Frailty which you've help'd debauch,
'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,
Than travell'd Fops, when far-fetch'd Lies they prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets when they dedicate.
No dull Forgiveneſs I preſume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tireſome Length ask leave;
Leſt I, as often formal Coxcombs uſe,
Prolong that very Fault I would excuſe:
May this the ſame kind Welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever ſhall; Adieu.

Upon a PRINTER *that expoſed him by Printing a Piece of his groſly mangled and faulty.*

DUll and unthinking! had'ſt thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I ſome tame and ſneaking Author been,
Whoſe Muſe to Love and Softneſs did incline,
Some ſmall Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming Lines,
Fit to divert mine Hoſteſs, and miſlead
The Heart of ſome poor tawdry Waiting Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadſt ſcap'd from my Reſentments free.
But I, whom Spleen and manly Rage inſpire,
Brook no Affront, at each Offence take fire:
Born to chaſtiſe the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to laſh Knaves of all degrees, and ſpare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only Province and Delight,
For whoſe dear ſake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I ſeek Occaſions, court Abuſe,
To ſhew my Parts, and ſignalize my Muſe:

Fond

Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And did'ſt thou think I would a wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'ſt part of Honour, Wit?
No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be
By Heav'n it ſelf, if e'er I pardon thee.
Members from breach of Privilege deter
By threatning *Topham* and a Meſſenger:
Scrogs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppoſe,
By force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
Strumpets of *Billingſgate* redreſs their Wrongs
By the ſole noiſe, and foulneſs of their Tongues:
And I go always arm'd for my defence,
To puniſh, and revenge an Inſolence.
I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot, I meet, the Word
Is *Satisfaction*: ſtrait to Thruſts I go,
And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.
Perhaps thou hop'dſt that thy obſcurity
Should be thy Safeguard, and ſecure thee free.
No, Wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like ſentenc'd Felons to be drag'd about:
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to Scorn, and Shame,
I mean to hang, and Gibbet up thy Name.
If thou to live in Satyr ſo much thirſt
Enjoy thy wiſh, and Fame, till Envy burſt,
Renown'd as he whom baniſh'd *Ovid* curſt:
Or he, whom old *Archilochus* ſo ſtung
In Verſe, that he for ſhame, and madneſs hung:

Death-

Deathleſs in Infamy, do thou ſo live,
And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive.
Thou thought'ſt perhaps my Gall was ſpent and gone,
My Venom drain'd, and I a ſtingleſs Drone:
Thou thought'ſt I had no Curſes left in ſtore;
But to thy ſorrow know, and find I've more,
More, and more dreadful yet, able to ſcare,
Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Deſpair:
Such thou ſhalt feel, are ſtill reſerv'd by me,
To vex and force thee to thy Deſtiny:
Since thou haſt brav'd my Vengeance thus; prepare,
And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.
Thou, who with ſpurious Nonſence durſt Prophane
The genuine iſſue of a Poets Brain,
May'ſt thou hereafter never deal in Verſe,
But what hoarſe Bell-men in their walks rehearſe,
Or *Smithfield* Audience ſung on Crickets hears:
May'ſt thou print *H*——, or ſome duller Aſs,
Jorden, or him that wrote *Dutch Hudibras*:
Or next vile Scribler of the Houſe, whoſe Play
Will ſcarce for Candles, and their ſnuffing pay:
May you each other Curſe; thy ſelf undone,
And be the Laughing ſtock of all the Town.
May'ſt thou ne'er riſe to Hiſtory, but what
Poor *Grubſtreet* Penny Chronicles relate,
Memoirs of *Tyburn* and the mournful State

Of

Of Cut-purſes in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
Till thou thy ſelf be the ſame Subject made.
Compell'd by Want, may'ſt thou print Popery,
For which, be the Carts Arſe and Pillory,
Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy Deſtiny.
Maul'd worſe than *Reading*, *Chriſtian*, or *Cellier*,
Till thou, daub'd o'er with loathſome filth, appear
Like Brat of ſome vile Drab in Privy found,
Which there has lain three Months in Ordure drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arreſts, and Serjeants, light on thee;
For others bound, may'ſt thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to Scraps, and begging with a Shoe:
And may'ſt thou never from the Gaol get free,
Till thou ſwear out thy ſelf by Perjury:
Forlorn, abandon'd, pitileſs, and poor,
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore,
May'ſt thou an Halter want for thy Redreſs,
Forc'd to ſteal Hemp to end thy Miſeries,
And damn thy ſelf to baulk the Hangman's Fees.

And may no ſawcy Fool have better Fate,
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

FINIS.